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EDWARD SCISSORHANDS

by

Caroline Thompson

story by Caroline Thompson and Tim Burton

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Blue

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A1 TITLE SEQUENCE. A1

SEVERAL SNOWFLAKE PAPER WEIGHTS

sit on a shelf. They've been shaken and snow swirls inside the plastic bubbles.

DISSOLVE

FROM ONE PAPER WEIGHT SNOW SCENE, MID-SNOWFALL, TO ANOTHER.

-- A LOG CABIN in the woods. Its windows brightly lit.

-- A horse-drawn SLEIGH pulled by a pair of blinkered chestnuts.

-- A SNOWMAN.

-- A FROZEN POND, tiny skating figures.

-- A MOUNTAIN topped by a GOTHIC MANSION. In the swirling snow, the house with its dark spires almost seems a part of the craggy granite upon which it is perched.

AS WE PULL BACK

from the mountain, through the snowstorm, we realize that this scene is real.

TITLES END

as we continue to draw back through a WINDOW FRAME and turn with an OLD WOMAN who's been looking out into

1 INT. LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 1

Outside, it's snowing -- but in here, where the old woman tucks her little GRANDDAUGHTER into bed, it is cozy and warm. Firelight makes the shadows big, the figures dim.

OLD WOMAN
Snuggle under now. It's cold out there.

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GRANDDAUGHTER
Why is it snowing, Grandmommy? Where does it come from?

OLD WOMAN
That's a long story, sweetie pie.

GRANDDAUGHTER
I want to hear.

OLD WOMAN
(voice tired)
Not tonight...

GRANDDAUGHTER
Why not? What's wrong?

OLD WOMAN
...Go to sleep.

GRANDDAUGHTER
I'm not sleepy. Tell me... Please...

The old woman sighs and sits on the edge of the bed.

OLD WOMAN
... Well, all right. Let's see... It would have to start with scissors.

GRANDDAUGHTER
Scissors?

OLD WOMAN
There are all kinds of scissors. And, once, there was even a man who had scissors instead of hands.

GRANDDAUGHTER
A man?

OLD WOMAN
Yes.

GRANDDAUGHTER
Hands scissors?

OLD WOMAN
No. Scissor hands. Do you know the old mansion on top of the mountain?

GRANDDAUGHTER
It's haunted.

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OLD WOMAN
(impatiently)
Do you want to hear this story or not?

The little girl nods.

OLD WOMAN
Okay then. A long time ago, an inventor lived in that mansion...

As the old woman speaks, we

MOVE OUT THE WINDOW.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
He made a lot of things, I suppose. He also made the man.... He gave him insides, a heart, a brain, everything. Nobody knows how, but he did it... He had just about finished covering him over with a delicate plastic that was exactly like skin -- he only had the hands to go -- when...

GRANDDAUGHTER (O.S.)
When what?

We glide through the snowfall OVER THE ROOFTOPS of the town and UP THE MOUNTAIN toward the MANSION on the peak.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
When he died. What the inventor should've invented was a new heart for himself...

GRANDDAUGHTER (O.S.)
Couldn't anybody help him?

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
How? No one down here in town knew a thing about it... The man he'd created couldn't help. He tried to hold the inventor and he couldn't even do that because he still had long shears for hands.... Afterwards, he was all alone.

As we get closer to the mansion, the snow stops.

GRANDDAUGHTER (O.S.)
(full of pity)
He didn't even have a name.

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OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
Of course he did. We're talking about a man, aren't we? His name was Edward.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. MANSION ON MOUNTAIN. JUST BEFORE DAWN. 2

From this high vantage point, the LIGHTS of the town far below twinkle tantalizingly, bedazzling as jewels.

A DARK SILHOUETTE keeps watch over them from one of the mansion's ramshackle upper windows, a casement window nearly the height of a French door. The silhouette is visible from his head nearly to his toes. The curtains billow and swirl around him.

3 In a moment, the first lights come on in the houses. More lights accompany the breaking of dawn itself. Even as it grows bright, the figure gazes steadily. He doesn't move or fidget. His attention never strays. He looks on longingly. This is the man the old woman has been describing. This is EDWARD SCISSORHANDS. 3

CUT TO:

4 EXT. TOWN. MORNING. 4

What looked so romantic from Edward's vantage point reveals itself in all its actual banality. The streets form a dull, undeviating grid. Rows of sagging trees have been planted at exact intervals. The houses are unimaginative variations on the same efficient tract house design. The people hardly add life to the scene. We pass house after house and see little activity.

5 through 8 omitted.

9 At one house, a RETIRED MAN pushes a lawnmower -- back and forth. 9

9A At another, a WORKER on the roof wrestles with a t.v. antenna. 9A

10 omitted.

11 We move in the WINDOW at JOYCE MONROE'S house to find her in the kitchen with the DISHWASHER REPAIR MAN. 11

DISHWASHER REPAIR MAN
You didn't have to call me, m'am. You could've taken care of this yourself.

JOYCE
(in her best Southern drawl)
I could? I don't think so.

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DISHWASHER REPAIR MAN
Sure. Your food trap's clogged. That's all. See this?

He points. She bends over to look.

DISHWASHER REPAIR MAN
You unscrew this bolt here. And out she pops.

Joyce jumps as he demonstrates, then laughs at herself.

The repair man dumps the gunk collected in the dishwasher's food trap down the sink and runs water over it.

When he bends over to work on the dishwasher again, Joyce bends with him.

DISHWASHER REPAIR MAN
See? Just set it back into place. Be careful not to force it -- it fits in there nice and easy all by itself. Screw this back on--

He is INTERRUPTED by the DOORBELL.

JOYCE
My goodness, who could that be? Excuse me. I won't be a moment. Stay right where you are. This is fascinating.

She scurries to open the:

12 FRONT DOOR. 12

On the stoop stands PEG BOGGS, the local Avon lady. Chipper and practical, in her early forties, she wears a neatly tailored outfit. Her hair and her smile are both perfectly in place. She holds up her pink samples case.

PEG
'Morning, Joyce. Avon calling.

JOYCE
(the Southern accent far less in evidence)
Why, Peg, have you gone blind? Can't you see that there's a vehicle in my driveway?

PEG
(tentative)
Yes...

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JOYCE
I'm surprised you don't realize that it means I'm busy.

Joyce SLAMS the door before Peg gets the chance to ask if she can stop by later. Peg marches back down the front walk.

Her samples case, swinging at her side, hits one of the flowers that line the walkway, knocking it over. Feeling bad, Peg stops. She tries to fix the pitiful flower, but the stalk is snapped and there's nothing she can do. She heads on.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. ANOTHER FRONT DOOR. LATER. 13

The woman of the house, HELEN, opens the door. She's in the middle of doing the laundry and clasps a pair of her husband's neatly folded undershorts in her hands. Peg cheerfully holds up her case.

PEG
Avon calling!

HELEN
Weren't you just here?

PEG
Not since last season. Today, I've come to show you our exquisite new line of softer colors in shadows, blushes, and lipsticks, everything you need to accent and highlight your changing look.

Helen glances at herself in the mirror on the wall beside her. And laughs.

HELEN
My changing look! That's good!

PEG
(tries another tactic)
It goes without saying that I also have a complete selection of your old favorites -- the tried and true products we've all come to depend on, year in and year out.

HELEN
(laughs again)
Peg, I've never bought anything from you, you know that.

CUT TO:

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14 INT. GIRL'S PINK BEDROOM. LATER. 1

The contents of Peg's case are spread across the pink bedspread in the pink bedroom of a TEENAGE GIRL who slathers on everything she can get her hands on.

PEG
(order form ready)
Which lipstick do you like?
Winsome Wahini? Bahamian Babe?

TEENAGE GIRL
(shrugs)
I like them both.

PEG
(marks them down)
Great!

TEENAGE GIRL
(eyes her)
You don't think I actually have any money, do you?

She sighs loudly at Peg's idiocy, opens a bottle of pink toenail polish and proceeds to paint her toenails.

CUT TO:

15 EXT. SIDEWALK. LATER. 15

Peg stands in front of the house of the fanatically religious ESMERALDA EVERCREECH. Through the front bay window, she can see Esmeralda lighting candles around a glowing statue of Jesus. Shaking her head, she decides not to bother and continues walking.

CUT TO:

16 INT. PEG'S CAR. LATER. 16

Frustrated, by this time a little wild-eyed and quite disheveled, Peg sits in her parked car. She holds a list of addresses in front of her. They all have x's beside them -- she's tried every one. Wondering what to do next, she looks vacantly outside. Her gaze drifts up to the top of the mountain which rises steeply above the town, and stops at the gloomy mansion near the peak. Does she dare? Then, she decides -- of course, she dares. She checks herself in the mirror, hastily poofs up her hair, and starts her car.

CUT TO:

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17 EXT. MANSION ON MOUNTAIN. LATER. 17

Clinging to her case as if to a trusted friend, Peg hesitates at the mansion's dilapidated iron gate. It has all but fallen off its hinges. There isn't much of a view from here -- all Peg can see inside is part of a windowless side wall of the house. Then, from far away, she suddenly hears SINGING -- a deep, mournful, lonesome voice. Someone's here. She screws up her courage.

PEG
(shouts)
Hello!!?

Instantly, the singing stops. Silence. Peg shouts again. No answer. Not a sound. Nothing. She tries the gate. It's too heavy to push very far, but she's strong and can make enough of an opening to slip through.

18 Inside, the garden takes her breath away -- it is perfectly maintained, beautifully trimmed, with roses and exotic flowers, topiary in the shapes of bears and rabbits and birds. In the center, a gigantic boxwood hand implores heaven. 18

She calls once more. No one responds.

19 AT THE FRONT DOOR 19

she bangs the brass knocker. She waits patiently, but nobody answers. Impulsively, she tries the handle. The door is unlocked! Adrenalin pumping, she steps into the

20 MARBLE ENTRANCE HALL. 20

Her footsteps sound like gunshots on the floor. Someone she can't see GASPS somewhere.

She peeks into the gigantic, baronial living room where torn sheets cover the heavy furniture.

PEG
(nervous)
Hello???

She tip-toes into the

21 KITCHEN. 21

It is filled with elaborate gadgets composed of cogs and wheels and pulleys -- now rusting and covered with dust and cobwebs. A long-defunct conveyor belt runs around the perimeter and into a STOREROOM off the kitchen. Inside are cans of food, the huge economy size that restaurants and school cafeterias use.

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22 AT THE FOOT OF THE SWEEPING STAIRCASE, 22

Peg can hear someone breathing -- fast, as if he'd been running, or were very frightened.

PEG
(feigns cheerfulness)
Hello up there! It's Avon calling!

Whoever it is takes off, footsteps pattering quickly away. On impulse, Peg pursues

23 UP THE STAIRS and DOWN A LONG HALL. 23

She shouts more hellos and introduces herself again. Her samples case bangs against her as she runs.

24 AT THE END OF THE HALL 24

one of the many doors is open. Inside, where one would expect to see a bed, is a dusty pile of hay.

There are books and magazines on the floor -- nature books, an etiquette book: "White Gloves And Party Manners," a hundred-year-old Sears catalogue, an ancient issue of the "Policeman's Gazette," copies of "Home Beautiful."

Illustrations have been cut out with meticulous care.

The illustrations include: a moustachioed man in long johns striking a manly pose, an elephant, a General Electric medallion home, a set of false teeth, a boy in a t-shirt, a rocking chair, a late-model car, a formal rose garden, a girl in pantaloons, a tea setting, a diet ad showing a fat woman and the thin woman she has become ("from size 44 to size 7 in 90 days"), a man in a gas mask, an early bicycle, a bottle of "Dr. Wilson's Tonic Elixir" that claims to cure all ails ("from back pain to baldness").

The pictures have been layered in a collage, a bizarre version of domesticity:

The man with the moustache is paired with the diet lady (ladies). The (oversized) boy in the t-shirt is their off-spring. So is the girl in the pantaloons. Arranged as another couple are the elephant and the man in the gas mask.

25 PEG runs UP ANOTHER FLIGHT OF STEPS, DOWN ANOTHER HALL, UP MORE STEPS TO the 25

26 ATTIC. 26

The subject of her pursuit, little more than the outline of a man in the dimness presses himself against the far wall.

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His breath snatches. He seems jumpy, his movements erratic, unpredictable, and therefore dangerous.

Light glances off his hands, off metal, long, sharp, lethal, perhaps a knife. He's deep in the shadows again before we can really see, and Peg doesn't see at all.

She is barely winded. Slowly, gently, so as not to alarm him further, she approaches.

PEG
You don't have to hide from me. I won't hurt you. I'm sorry to barge in like this, but you don't have any reason to run away -- phew! this is some huge house, isn't it? Thank heavens for those aerobics classes! -- you're not used to running, are you?

She makes her way across the attic, squinting at the figure.

PEG
Why are you hiding back there? You can't possibly be afraid of me. I'm an Avon sales representative. I'm as harmless as a cherry pie.

The man in the shadows stirs and is caught more distinctly by the shaft of dust-filled sunlight that shines through one of the grimy windows. He does indeed seem to be holding something -- shears a full foot long. They belong, of course, to Edward Scissorhands.

At the sight of the blades, it's Peg's turn to gasp. Her coaxing turns into hysterical babble. She backs quickly away.

PEG
I can see now that I've disturbed you. How stupid of me. Don't be angry. I wouldn't hurt you, so it wouldn't be fair for you to hurt me. I'm going now. You'll be alone again. You can pretend I was never here. Just stay where you are. I'll be gone in a jiffy.

Edward tips his head forward inquiringly. It too is now in the light.

EDWARD
(timid)
You're leaving?

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His hair is wildly trimmed, his face a topographical map of ditches, pockmarks, gulleys, and gashes. His eyes are so big they seem like two huge unfathomable pools.

Stopped in her tracks, Peg stares back at him.

PEG
(blurts)
Look at your face... What in the world happened? Where are your parents?

EDWARD
My parents?

PEG
Yes. Your mother. Your father.

EDWARD
My father's dead.

Anxiously he scratches himself and slices a fresh gash in his nose. Peg winces.

EDWARD
I've never had a mother.

Peg kneels beside her samples case. She opens it.

PEG
Well, no wonder. You poor thing. The idea of you living up here all by yourself...

She studies the bottles and pulls one out.

PEG
At the very least you need a good astringent to prevent infection... No. On second thought.
(she snaps the case closed and stands)
I think you should come with me. Put those things down and...

EDWARD
What things?

PEG
Those...uh...
(nods toward his hands)
...weapons or whatever they are.

EDWARD
They're my hands. He didn't have a chance to finish me.

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PEG
Oh...

As he steps fully into the light, Peg can see that they are in fact his hands and that his clothes are in tatters, hanging in shreds from his thin body. She shakes her head pityingly.

PEG
We'll work on that. And on your skin. And certainly on your clothes.

27 NEAR THE DOOR, 27

Peg pauses to examine a dust-covered rack of metal human body parts: a steel femur bone, a wire mesh skull, metal feet, several spare hands like Edward's. She shudders and moves on, leading Edward out.

CUT TO:

28 INT. PEG'S CAR. LATER. 28

Edward is in the passenger seat. His hands are carefully crossed on his lap. He looks out in stunned awe at the passing scene. To him, it is beautiful.

THE HOUSES

glow in the sunshine. The lawns are so green, they vibrate. Kids run and laugh. A dog eagerly catches a ball tossed by his young master. A breeze ruffles the leaves on the trees, making light and shadow play. The roofs sparkle as though they'd been dusted with glitter.

Edward whirls around to do a double-take, pointing with excitement, and bangs his head and blades hard against the glass.

Peg reaches across to him as he bounces off the window.

PEG
You okay?

EDWARD
The window's so clean, I forgot it was there.

Spinning toward her to explain, his sharp hands come within an inch of slicing her throat.

She lets out a squeal. Grimacing, he shrinks away from her, quickly folding his hands against his chest.

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EDWARD
I'm sorry.

PEG
No. Don't be. It was my fault. I didn't remember they were there. You have every reason to be excited. Go ahead. Look.

Edward looks out the window again.

The car turns the corner onto

29 PEG'S STREET. 29

WOMEN'S FACES -- Joyce's among them -- appear at the windows of the various houses.

Edward returns their stares.

The women wonder aloud: 'Who's that with Peg?' or some similar phrase, almost a chant.

Peg pulls into her driveway.

30 ALL UP AND DOWN THE BLOCK, 30

the women's heads pop out of their front doors for a better look. Their dogs' heads poke out too, yapping excitedly, noses between their mistresses' legs. Nothing goes on here that not everybody knows about. Curious, eager to be sprung from boredom, the women gawk.

31 AT THE BOGGS' HOUSE, 31

the front door closes behind Peg and Edward. The house is a variation on the others in the neighborhood -- fifties ranch style, slightly bungaloid; a bland face, efficiently, but unimaginatively landscaped.

32 THE OTHER WOMEN 32

slam their own doors and charge for their telephones. Each giddily punches in number after number until she finds one that isn't busy. Amidst the chitter-chatter about what's going on -- or what might be going on:

33 HELEN changes from her bathrobe into street clothes. 33

34 ANOTHER does her hair with a steaming curling iron. 34

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35 JOYCE pulls a fresh dress out of her closet. Her little apricot-colored toy poodle, KISSES, dances excitedly around her. 35

CUT TO:

36 INT. BOGGS' LIVING ROOM. SAME TIME. 36

Peg ushers a spellbound Edward through the living room.

The interior of the house matches its exterior. The rooms are small and square and dust-free. The functional, herculon-upholstered furniture is protected, as if precious, by hand-crocheted antimacassars. Knick-knacks abound.

Peg points at a few family photos -- school portraits, snapshots from vacations. A man fishing. A boy water skiing. A teenage girl in a prom dress.

PEG
That's my husband, Bill, at the river. He never catches anything. This is Kevin last summer during our week at the lake. He looks so glum because he had his heart set on a jet ski we didn't buy. Here's Kim dressed for her junior prom. She's a senior in high school now. She's camping in the mountains with some friends. She'll be back in a few days.

Peg reflexively and lovingly straightens the pictures as she chatters.

37 IN THE HALL BEYOND THE LIVING ROOM, 37

she stops at a closet and pulls out an old pair of pants and a grass-stained shirt.

PEG
Bill's gardening clothes. He hates yard work.

She also takes out sheets and towels.

PEG
I'll put you in Kim's room since she's not here.

Gingerly avoiding the sharp tips of Edward's hands, Peg sets the stack of clothing and linen onto his extended arms, then leads him up a few steps to the next level. The phone RINGS just as they reach

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38 KIM'S ROOM. 3

Peg trots across the hall to the master bedroom to answer it.

PEG
Make yourself at home. I'll be right back.

Edward has never seen such a room -- a canopied water bed, a dressing table. The canopy, the dressing table skirt, the curtains fluttering at the windows, and the wall paper are all of the same pale floral pattern. Even the rug beneath his feet is color-coordinated.

A cluster of dolls sit together on a white rocking chair. Stuffed animals cover the pillows on the water bed. They ride the waves Edward causes by bumping into the bed.

Mystified, he reaches out to steady the wobbly mattress and tears a small gash in it. To his horror, water begins to ooze out. But almost immediately the tiny leak self-seals.

Framed photographs take up an entire wall -- Kim cheerleading, Kim on skis, the whole family by a pool, Kim eating an ice cream cone, laughing, a dab of ice cream on the tip of her nose. She gives the impression of wholesomeness, of being freshly polished.

Edward rapturously sniffs at a perfume bottle on the chest of drawers.

Out of the corner of his eye, he glimpses himself in the full length MIRROR on the closet door. Startled, he jumps. It takes him a moment to realize that this is his own reflection, that he's looking at himself. He stares in disbelief. For a long time. From every angle. The disappointment he feels is palpable.

Finally, he turns to the clothes Peg gave him.

CUT TO:

39 INT. MASTER BEDROOM. SAME TIME. 39

Peg's bedroom has a South Seas theme with brightly flowered drapes and a rattan bedroom set. Two single beds have been pushed together to make one big bed under a massive rattan headboard. Peg sits lightly on the edge of the bed, the phone to her ear.

The voice on the other end is high-pitched, blurry and not distinct, but sounds wound up, yippy.

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PEG
(stage whispers into phone)
You heard me. Scissors. Scissors!
... He was born, or something, up
there. I don't think he's been off
the grounds before today...

CUT TO:

40 INT. KIM'S ROOM. SAME TIME. 40

Edward has gotten into the trousers. They're unscathed, but for a slice in one of the kness and a few nicks around the waistband. He now carefully slips on the shirt, one unwieldy arm at a time.

Holding his breath, he eases his right arm (and scissor hand) into a sleeve. It snags for a second, but, no, he doesn't tear the fabric. He slides his arm all the way through without a rip. The second sleeve is more difficult and he is even more careful with this one. But it too, happily, goes on untorn. The only problem is -- he's put on the shirt upside down.

CUT TO:

41 INT. MASTER BEDROOM. SAME TIME. 41

Peg hangs up the phone. She starts for the door. Halfway there, she thinks to switch on the answering machine on the bedside table. The instant she does, it clicks, taking a call -- another neighbor wants to know what's happening.

CUT TO:

42 INT. KIM'S ROOM. SAME TIME. 42

Edward wrestles with the shirt. He's flustered, anxious about getting it off, worried about shredding it in the process.

Peg steps in from the hall.

PEG
May I?

By way of an answer, Edward stops his thrashing and stands perfectly still, striking a pose of enormous dignity, as Peg helps him off with the upside-down shirt and slips it on correctly. He doesn't move while she does up the buttons. Nor does he flinch when she tucks in his shirt-tails or deftly buttons the button at the top of his pants.

PEG
Much better.

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Edward turns to the mirror. He pushes back his hair, inadvertently snipping off a little. The clothes are fine, just fine.

He beams appreciatively at Peg, then runs his hands approvingly down the front of the shirt -- accidentally tearing both sides.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. STREET. LATE AFTERNOON. 43

Up and down the block, the women leave their houses -- some pulled along by their dogs. The dogs bark and surge forward, straining on their leashes. Women who don't have dogs scurry out alone. The dogs hoot, the women chatter. They gather in front of Peg's house.

CUT TO:

44 INT. ESMERALDA'S HOUSE. SAME TIME. 44

She alone has stayed home. Dressed in black, surrounded by religious artifacts, she peers down the street at the gathering in front of the Boggs' house, her expression menacing, full of judgement. Her eyes shine with the zeal of her beliefs.

CUT TO:

45 INT. BOGGS' FAMILY ROOM. SAME TIME. 45

The family room has an old couch, a couple of easy chairs, a bumper pool table, more family photographs, and the t.v. set. The washer and dryer sit in the corner.

Blades politely crossed in his lap, Edward marvels at the dexterity with which Peg stitches his shirt. She rummages in her sewing box for scissors, can't find any, holds the end of the thread out to Edward.

PEG
Would you?

EDWARD
Oh. Of course.

She watches his hands snip the thread.

PEG
You know. I have a doctor friend who I think can help you.

EDWARD
Really?

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Peg studies his face.

PEG
I can help with the scars, but I want to look in the big Avon handbook before trying anything.

Eager, Edward smiles encouragingly.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. STREET. EVENING. 46

The vigil continues outside the Boggs' house until a phalanx of cars, headlights beaming, rounds the corner at the end of the street. The cars approach and peel off -- Busby Berkeley style -- each into its own driveway. The assembly disperses, the women skedaddling home to their returning husbands.

CUT TO:

47 INT. BOGG'S DINING ROOM. DINNERTIME. 47

Peg's husband, BILL, sits at the head of the table, Peg at the foot, their eight-year-old son, KEVIN, on one side, and Edward on the other. Tonight's dinner is beef stew.

Edward fumbles with his knife and fork, trying to pick them up. At first, acutely aware of the unnerving clang of metal against metal, he makes every effort to be quiet about it, and casual at the same time.

Then, getting nowhere, he simply concentrates on holding them in his hands, no matter how much noise he has to make. The silverware slips from his grip again and again. It clatters onto his plate, onto the table, onto the floor. It seems to have a will of its own.

Peg and Bill, meanwhile, cover their embarrassment by behaving as if nothing unusual were going on at their dinner table. Only Kevin gawks. Peg glares at him.

PEG
(whispers)
It isn't polite to stare. How would you like it if someone were staring at you?

KEVIN
(whispers)
I wouldn't care.

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PEG
(more forcefully)
Well, I would. So don't.

Like a good host, Bill ignores the chaos Edward is creating and attempts a conversation.

BILL
So, Ed, this must be quite a change for you.

PEG
(corrects Bill)
Edward, dear, I think he prefers Edward.

Edward can't get a word in to confirm or deny this.

BILL
Oh, sure.
(stuffs a wedge of potato into his mouth)
Tell me, Ed, what have you been doing with yourself up there in that big old place?

Edward's continues the battle with his silverware.

BILL
Must be a pretty spectacular view from up there, huh, Ed?

PEG
Edward.

EDWARD
(hears his name)
Yes?

BILL
I bet you can see all the way to the ocean from up there.

EDWARD
Sometimes.

If anything, Kevin stares more intensely than before.

PEG
Kevin. Stop it!

The errant silverware eludes Edward's every attempt at control. Finally surrendering, he resorts to skewering the bits of meat and carrot and potato as non-chalantly and politely as he can. He ever so delicately nibbles the bits of food off the pointed ends of his scissor fingers. The paper napkin shreds in his hands as he dabs the gravy from his lips.

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Kevin can't contain himself any longer.

KEVIN
Cool! Those things are probably sharper than razors! One karate chop to a guy's neck and--

PEG
Kevin!

KEVIN
Can I take him to 'show and tell' on Monday?

It's Edward's turn to stare.

CUT TO:

48 INT. KIM'S ROOM. BEDTIME. 48

Peg tucks Edward into the wobbly bed. He holds his hands out, high above the covers, painfully aware of the damage they could do. The bed looks like it's about to swallow him.

Peg encourages him to lower his hands on either side of him.

PEG
Think you can sleep?

EDWARD
Yes. Thank you.

Smiling, Peg heads for the door.

PEG
Good night.

EDWARD
Good night.

Impulsively, he waves happily to her as she leaves and his shears slash the frilly canopy suspended overhead.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. STREET. MORNING. 49

A procession of cars -- driven by the neighborhood husbands on their way to their Saturday golf games and tennis matches -- floats past the Boggs' house. Like their wives, the men strain to see something, anything.

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Up and down the street, the women, most of them still in their bathrobes, stand on their front stoops and look.

CUT TO:

50 INT. FAMILY ROOM. DAY. 50

The thick Avon handbook open on her lap, her samples case beside her, Peg sits before Edward and applies make-up to his scarred face. She explains as she works.

PEG
The light concealing cream goes on first, then you blend and blend and blend. Blending is the secret... More concealing cream.... Your complexion is so fair -- let's try this. It's even lighter... There. Now more blending.

Peg leans back to study the effect. No noticeable difference has been achieved. She opens more jars.

PEG
We'll see a real difference after I apply the base layer. Choosing a base that's compatible with your natural skin tone, that's another secret ... This one... Nope ... This one has a touch more olive in it... Close enough... It should do the trick.

She rubs the base she's chosen all over Edward's face, then, squinting her eyes, scrutinizes him. She bites her lip. His scars seem even more pronounced than before. She pulls out a box of Kleenex and wipes his face clean of the make-up.

PEG
I have another idea.

She concocts a putty mixture and proceeds to fill in the gashes on Edward's face with it.

PEG
What we need is a smooth surface to work with...

But the putty won't stick. Peg adds glue. It sticks, but now there are lumps on Edward's face where before there were gulleys.

PEG
(frustrated)
Darn this stuff...

== Script Fly.com ==

She grapples with it a little longer, then peels it off and rolls it into clumps. Inspired, she sticks the clumps on the sharp tips of Edward's hands.

PEG
There! At least you won't be cutting yourself.

But, with the slightest pressure, the points poke through. Peg sighs.

CUT TO:

51 EXT. BOGGS' BACKYARD. DAY. 51

A barbecue pit and a patio dominate a backyard as bland as the front.

Still wearing his sweaty tennis whites, Bill desultorily trims a shaggy bush with a pair of hedge clippers. Between cuts, he strains to hear the ballgame Kevin and his friends are listening to on the radio in his treehouse (in the branches of a big magnolia in a corner of the yard).

On the other side of the yard, Edward hovers beside a hedge. He makes a tentative snip here. A second one there. He anxiously looks over at Bill, but Bill isn't paying attention; he has his ear cupped toward the game.

BILL
Louder, Kev. I still can't hear...

Edward returns his attention to the hedge. Another snip. Then another. Gradually, he builds up speed. His cuts get made with more and more assurance as the work absorbs him. He forgets his timidity and, before long, he is a confident whirlwind of blades, focussed, relentless, almost feverish. The trimmings fly all around him.

On the radio, the crowd cheers tinnily. The boys whoop. Bill looks stricken. Kevin's friend, MAX, pokes his head over the edge of the treehouse platform.

MAX
Did you hear that, Mr. Boggs?

BILL
No. Turn it up!

Kevin peeks over too -- but his attention is immediately snagged by the hedge Edward is shaping -- to resemble a dinosaur.

KEVIN
Look, Dad. A tyrannosaurus!

== Script Fly.com ==

Bill spins.

MAX
Weird.

BILL
I'll be damned...

CUT TO:

52 INT. PEG'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME. 52

Peg sits on the edge of the bed, smiling in amazement as she rewinds the answering machine.

PEG
They filled the whole tape...

The messages play back.

A WOMAN'S VOICE
What's going on over there, Peg?

MARGE'S VOICE
Hi. It's Marge. Who is he? Call me. By the way, I hear it's pouring rain in the mountains. Do you think the kids are okay?

JOYCE'S VOICE
(very drawly)
Hey there, darlin'. The gals are all in a tizzy about your secret visitor. You can't keep him a secret forever...

CUT TO:

53 EXT. BACKYARD. LATER. 53

Bill is now sprawled on a lawn chair, the ball game beside him on a portable t.v. He pops open a beer. He tries to watch the action on the t.v. set, but neither he nor the boys can keep their eyes off Edward.

A dynamo, he snips and cuts and trims, sculpting the dull bushes and hedges into art -- a monkey; a swan; four tall side-by-side bushes into a man, a woman, a teenage girl, and a little boy.

KEVIN
It's us!

Edward trims another hedge into a perfect cube.

== Script Fly.com ==

EDWARD
(modestly explains)
For contrast.

The rose garden is shabby and poorly kept. With frightening speed, Edward cuts away the dead wood, thins out the stalks, digs up the choking weeds, stabs aeration holes into the ground, snips newspaper into mulch and works it into the soil.

By the time Peg steps out of the backdoor, bright, heavy rose blossoms weigh down every stalk.

PEG
(awed)
My heavens, Edward...!

Flushing with pride, Edward rinses his scissor hands under the hose and carefully dries them, lovingly attentive, like a master craftsman with his tools.

BILL
Kevin, run get Ed the can of oil out of the garage.

Kevin clambers down and scurries off.

BILL
We can't have you rusting up on our account.

54 A sudden shrill SCREAM 54

explodes from Esmeralda Evercheech who stands at the Boggs' back gate, her hands clapped over her ears. Her beady eyes focus on Edward's gleaming, shiny, sharp, unnatural hands.

She screams again.

Stunned silence follows. Everyone stares as Esmeralda points a bony, accusing finger at Edward.

ESMERALDA
It's not heaven he's from! It's straight from the stinking flames of hell! The power of Satan is in him! I can feel it! Can't you? Have you poor sheep strayed so far from the path?

They gape at her. Edward strains to understand.

EDWARD
What is she saying? We're not sheep. What path? What do you mean?

== Script Fly.com ==

He moves toward Esmeralda.

ESMERALDA
Don't come near me!

EDWARD
Why?

Screaming again, she rushes off.

BILL
(jeers)
That's right. Run! Get out of here!

From deep inside the house sounds the melodious CHIMING of the doorbell. Peg goes to get it. Bill companionably claps Edward on the shoulder. Startled, Edward jumps.

BILL
Relax, Ed, don't pay any attention. She's just loony, that's all.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. BOGGS' FRONT STOOP. DAY. 55

Flanked by the neighborhood women, (Helen, whom we've met; TRISH, who's on the plump side; CISSY; TINKA; BETH; GIGI) every one dressed to the nines, Joyce bangs on the door with the knocker.

When Peg answers, Joyce tries to peek around her into the house.

JOYCE
Y'all are hidin' in there like a bunch of ol' hermit crabs.

PEG
Hi Joyce.
(smiles at the other women)
Hi.

JOYCE
(pouts)
Shame on you, keeping your unusual guest all to yourselves. We think that's mighty selfish of you, don't we, gals?

The women agree in a chorus.

PEG
Things have been pretty hectic around here.

== Script Fly.com ==

She looks beyond the women to see if Esmeralda is hanging around.

JOYCE
It's sweet of you to want to correct that situation. What time does the barbecue begin?

PEG
Barbecue?

JOYCE
You intend to show your guest hospitality by introducing him to your friends, don't you?

Taking the cue, the women chime in: "I'll bring the potato salad!;" "I'll bring the macaroni salad!;" (HELEN) "I'll bring dessert!"; (MARGE) "So will I!"; (TRISH) "I'll bring dip!"; "I'll bring chips!"

JOYCE
And I will bring the ambrosia salad... What time was that you said?

PEG
(stammers)
Uh ... I don't know ... Bill--

JOYCE
'Bout five?

Joyce turns to go. The other women also turn.

Just then, Esmeralda leaps from the side of the house and cuts off the whole bunch of them. She is shivering wildly, bathed in sweat.

Peg slams the door, shutting herself inside.

ESMERALDA
(shrieks)
He's been sent first to tempt you! But it's not too late. Push him from you! Expel him! Trample down the perversion of nature!

JOYCE
(utterly unfazed; to the other women)
Did you hear that? He's a perversion of nature... Why, isn't that exciting?...

She sashays off. Esmeralda is horrified.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

56 INT. BOGGS' KITCHEN. LATER. 56

Helping Peg, Edward proves as handy as any kitchen tool advertised on late night t.v. He slices, dices. Wrought up, he chops and chops the lettuce for the salad.

Peg takes the bowl away.

PEG
Thanks. That's plenty.

Edward anxiously scratches himself, chafing the skin on his cheek.

PEG
There's no need to be nervous.

He turns to the cucumbers on the cutting board. Carefully spreading his fingers, taking his time, correcting the spread, calculating, finally satisfied that he has it right, he drops his hands, slicing them perfectly in a single blow.

PEG
Esmeralda won't be here. The other neighbors are really very nice. They're so eager to meet you... It'll be fine. Just be your self.

EDWARD
My...?

But his question is DROWNED out by the MECHANICAL HUM of the ELECTRIC CAN OPENER -- Peg is opening a can of peaches.

Edward gapes over his shoulder at it, at the gears, the moving parts, the churning, toothed wheels. Immediately MESMERIZED, he seems to be falling toward it, into it.

As Peg prattles, her VOICE, RUNNING ON, grows DISTANT:

PEG
... You know. Natural. Well, not quite natural natural... I mean there are certain things one might do in nature that one wouldn't do in front of other people. Like... you know...

57 EDWARD'S P.O.V. PULLS BACK FROM THE CAN OPENER, 57

resolving itself to find that we're back in the mansion on the mountain, that the gears of the electric can opener on Peg's kitchen counter have become the BIGGER GEARS of

== Script Fly.com ==

-- ANOTHER, MUCH LARGER CAN OPENER,

this one HOMEMADE, imaginatively constructed from kitchen knives, nutcrackers, vises, magnets, wire, twine, soda cans, the joints from many pairs of pliers. Its couple of arms do more than just open cans.

It stands at the head of a CONVEYOR BELT and is one link in an elaborate system of KITCHEN INVENTIONS, homely-looking, but efficient labor-saving devices designed to clean, cook, and store.

It swivels to pluck a can off a parallel conveyor belt that runs in and out of the store room. It opens the can, then rolls it down the belt to the

COOKING POT.

The pot has its own pressure-sensitive extensions which lift the can and dump the contents into the waiting pot. The limbs then leap-frog the pot onto a ADJACENT BURNER where the stew cooks. The extensions stay busy, shaking in spices, stirring.

58 The INVENTOR 58

is an OLDER man, wrinkled and getting frail. There's an unmistakable sad aloneness about him. He intently studies a book as he passes the stew pot on his way to inspect the work of

59 ANOTHER ELABORATE KITCHEN CONTRAPTION, 59

which picks, peels, cores and, with a set of LONG, DELICATE BLADES on either side of a conveyor belt, swiftly pares apples into precise segments.

Still reading, the inventor absently reaches to taste a snow-white apple segment and gets nicked by one of the constantly-chopping blades. Yow! It hurts. He recoils.

He sucks on his bleeding finger and stares down at the offending blades -- they never stop moving, never stop chopping. They look like nervously drumming fingers.

His eyes drift up to the BIRDCAGE he used as a fulcrum for the LENGTHS OF PIPING upon which the two sets of blades are hinged. The way the piping sticks out of the top, it accidentally resembles a torso.

The inventor's eyes continue to drift upward -- now to the shelf of pots and pans behind and above the birdcage. He stares thoughtfully at his own DISTORTED face, the widened, convex image of himself sucking on his hurt finger, REFLECTED back to him in the side of a big ALUMINUM SPAGHETTI POT.

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Hit by an idea, he pulls his finger out of his mouth and stares at it, at the blades, at his strange reflection atop the torso of the birdcage.

59A -- OUTSIDE the mansion, the NIGHT WIND whips up. Tree branches scrape against the walls. Curtains billow at an open casement window. The wind noses its way 59A

59B INSIDE 59B

where it disturbs the pages in a large NOTEBOOK. The bottom-most DRAWING OF A HOME-ASSEMBLED SKELETON is covered by a succession of TRANSPARENT OVERLAYS of the HUMAN FIGURE.

First comes a transparency of the NERVOUS SYSTEM, which is then layered over with the DIGESTIVE SYSTEM, then the RESPIRATORY SYSTEM, the MUSCULAR SYSTEM, the CIRCULATORY SYSTEM, and lastly the SKIN. By the time the wind is finished turning the pages, we have before us the picture of a MAN.

59C BESIDE the notebook is a bookshelf full of OTHER REFERENCE BOOKS, including a collection of Leonardo da Vinci's drawings, an engineering text, an anatomy text. 59C

59D Another MODEL of a skeleton -- this one in miniature. 59D

59E A SHEET OF SKIN-LIKE PLASTIC MEMBRANE has been pinned up to dry. It is as fragile as wet tissue and so delicate, thin, and translucent it barely seems to have substance. CUT-OUTS have been made in it -- two feet, a head. 59E

59F A BOX OF TOOLS -- wrenches and sockets and glue and paint brushes. 59F

59G AN EYE CHART and an odd OPTOMETRIC TRAINING DEVICE which directs a pair of ARTIFICIAL EYES at the chart. 59G

59H More BOOKS. Poetry. Poe. Dickens. Culture as we know it. 59H

60-63 are omitted.

64 The INVENTOR works on his LATEST INVENTION, a MAN, half-built and very much alive. It is Edward. 64

The old man carefully lubricates a sticky shoulder socket. Fulfilled as he feels, he also looks drained, worn. The labor of this creation has taken its toll on him.

65 As he works, the inventor READS from an old-fashioned BOOK OF ETIQUETTE. ("White Gloves And Party Manners.") 65

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INVENTOR
'Let us pretend that we are in the drawing-room and the hostess is serving tea. Numerous little questions confront us. Should the man rise when he accepts his cup of tea? May lump sugar be taken up with the fingers? Is it good form to accept a second cup? Should the napkin be entirely unfolded or should the center crease be allowed to remain?... It is so easy to commit embarrassing blunders. But etiquette tells us just what is expected of us and guards us from all humiliation and discomfort.'

He glances over at Edward -- who looks both bored and confused.

INVENTOR
...Why don't we switch to some...
(chooses from among the piles of books beside them)
...poetry!

EDWARD
Okay.

The inventor opens Edward Lear's "Book of Nonsense" and READS:

INVENTOR
'There was an old man at the Cape
Who made himself garments of crape;
When asked 'Will they tear?'
He replied 'Here and there,
But they keep such a beautiful shape!'

The inventor barks an appreciative laugh. Imitating him, Edward laughs too.

DISSOLVE TO:

66 -- The inventor lifts two beautiful latex hands from a work table. 66

Edward is seamlessly human from the feet up, but for his awkward, still skeletal, homemade hands. He watches breathlessly as the inventor carries the perfect hands toward him. It would be hard to say which one is the happier or more excited, the old man or the brand-new one.

With solemn ecstasy, the old inventor begins to fit the latex over Edward's gleaming metal skeleton fingers when,

SUDDENLY, he groans and DOUBLES OVER. He goes pale. His eyes bulge. Sweat pops from every pore. He clutches his stomach. The fragile hands SHRED as they literally slip through Edward's outstretched fingers.

== Script Fly.com ==

The inventor is having a heart attack. He falls hard to the floor.

Panicking, Edward stoops down, trying to help him, but only ends up cutting him with his razor-sharp hands. He stares at the drops of his creator's blood that cling to his fingers.

The inventor lies dead on the ground. Edward is left kneeling helplessly beside him, staring at his dangerous

66A HANDS. 66A

PULL BACK to reveal Edward's staring face, back once more in the Bogg's kitchen.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. BACKYARD. AFTERNOON. 67

EDWARD'S HANDS

stab open beer cans. The party is already in progress, the backyard crowded, getting more crowded all the time.

KEVIN
(approaches with a group of kids)
Come on, Edward, play 'scissors, paper, stone' with us.

EDWARD
Play scissors what?

KEVIN
Like this. Scissors.
(two fingers out)
Paper.
(flat palm)
Stone.
(fist)
Scissors cuts paper. Paper wraps stone. Stone creams scissors.

EDWARD
Huh?

Suddenly, a MAN pulls Edward aside.

MAN
You know, I have a doctor friend who I think can help you.

EDWARD
Really? I'd like to meet him.

== Script Fly.com ==

Before the man can say another word, the EDITOR of a local newspaper pulls him another way.

EDITOR
You are quite a ...uh... phenomenon, Mr... mmm... Edward. If you'd be willing, I'd like my paper to interview you. It could cause quite a... stir... Hey, I bet if we play our cards right, we'll even get you invited to appear on t.v...

68 AT THE OTHER END OF THE YARD, 68

a gaggle of women admire Edward's garden sculptures.

PEG
(proudly snaps her fingers)
Just like that!

CISSY
He did these? This afternoon?

TINKA
(to Helen beside her)
Have you ever seen anything like them?

HELEN
(in awe)
No...

TRISH
They send chills up my spine.

Helen nods, agreeing. Marge pulls Peg aside.

MARGE
It's rained three straight days up where the kids are. Denny wasn't prepared for that. He didn't take a poncho or anything. Did Kim?

PEG
Don't worry. They're made of flesh and blood, Marge, not ice cream. They won't melt.

Eyeing Edward, Helen draws Peg aside.

HELEN
I've been thinking, Peg -- I could use that new look after all.

== Script Fly.com ==

69 THROUGH THE BACK GATE 69

come Joyce and her jovial, glad-handing husband, GEORGE. He thrusts his hand toward everyone he meets in an exaggerated way and slaps backs a lot. Working his way through the crowd, he finally comes to Edward and offers him his hand.

GEORGE
Hi! George Monroe.

Swept up in the spirit of conviviality, Edward goes to shake hands with him and practically skewers him. George jumps back from the stab.

GEORGE
Whew! That's a heck of a handshake you have there, Ed!

He whacks Edward good-humoredly on the back.

MAX
(pulls at Edward's arm)
Come on. Play with us...

70 BESIDE THE BUFFET TABLE, 70

Joyce joins the other women. They beam significantly at Edward and whisper enthusiasms among themselves.

TRISH
He's so different.

TINKA
Completely different.

CISSY
No kidding...

BETH
We've never had one like him before.

CISSY
(giggles)
No one's ever had one like him before.

GIGI
Isn't he mysterious?

HELEN
He's divine...

== Script Fly.com ==

JOYCE
Do you imagine those hands are hot or cold?... And just think what a single snip with them could do...

HELEN
Or undo...!

71 AT THE BARBECUE PIT, 71

Edward acts as a human rotisserie. An OLDER MAN saunters up and chucks him on the arm.

OLDER MAN
I have my own infirmity. Never did me a bit of harm.

The man pounds on his leg.

OLDER MAN
Took some shrapnel during the war. Ever since then I can't feel a thing, not a damn thing.

Edward nods and smiles politely.

OLDER MAN
One time the water heater exploded in the basement. You should've seen the flames. Well, you hardly could on account of the smoke. Cat would've died if I'd realized my leg was on fire. But I didn't feel it. Didn't feel it a bit. We still have that cat today. He's twenty years old. Ever heard of a twenty year old cat? Don't you let anybody tell you that you have a handicap.

Clutching her bowl of ambrosia salad, Joyce sidles up.

JOYCE
Who's handicapped? My goodness, don't be ridiculous. You're not handicapped, you're... what do they call it?... 'exceptional.'

She holds up the bowl of salad.

JOYCE
I noticed that you haven't tasted my ambrosia salad. I made it especially for you.

== Script Fly.com ==

She giggles as Edward reaches toward the bowl. His hands are skewered with bits of cooking meat and vegetable.

JOYCE
(feeds him a big spoonful)
Here. Allow me.

The bite's so big that the sickeningly sweet fruit and marshmallow concoction oozes out the corners of his mouth.

EDWARD
(mumbles around the sticky stuff)
Thank you. It's delicious.

Not to be outdone, the other women surround Edward with the foods they've made. They vie with one another for his attention. Each wants to spoon-feed him a bite. They propel their spoons toward him, "Taste this," "Try this," "Have a bite of mine."

Edward can't keep up, but he's too well-mannered and, frankly, too baffled and overwhelmed to protest.

TRISH
(eyes sparkling flirtatiously)
I have never in all my life seen a green thumb like yours. I sure could use your help over at my place...

MARGE
Me too!

BETH
My hedge would make a beautiful tiger. Or a walrus.

CISSY
I want a row of angels.

JOYCE
Sorry, ladies. He promised to come to my house first... Didn't you, Edward?

EDWARD
I did?

JOYCE
Why, of course you did, you silly thing.

Kevin and Max and their friends chime in again.

KEVIN
Come on. Play with us.

== Script Fly.com ==

But Bill barges in, interrupting everything, and grabs Edward's shish-kabob covered hands. He raises them high above Edward's head in victory.

BILL
Soup's on everybody! Grab yourself a plate!

EDWARD
Soup? I thought this was shish-kabob.

BILL
It's just a manner of speaking, Ed. You should learn not to take everything so seriously.

72 MOMENTS LATER, 7

the meat and vegetables removed now, Edward plunges his fingers, still red hot from the heat of the barbecue, into a bucket of cold water. They sizzle as they cool off. For the time being, he's out of the hub-bub, alone -- and he looks very relieved.

CUT TO:

73 INT. KIM'S ROOM. NIGHT. 7

Edward lies asleep, exhausted by the strangeness of the day. By this time, the sheets have been pretty much destroyed. Shredded material is clumped all around him.

CUT TO:

74 EXT. BOGGS' HOUSE. LATER. 74

A van pulls up front and stops.

INSIDE, crammed in with DENNY, Marge's son whose van it is, and a half dozen other kids, a tired and bedraggled KIM gathers together her gear from the camping trip.

JIM, Kim's boyfriend, is a big guy in a badly-wrinkled letter jacket whose arm stays slung across Kim's shoulders no matter how much she moves around collecting her stuff.

KIM
I don't believe it. Everything is still sopping...

GIRL
I can hardly wait to take a shower to wash off the mildew.

== Script Fly.com ==

SUZANNE, Kim's best friend, stretches dreamily.

SUZANNE
Or to sleep in a real bed. With pillows.

KIM
Um... yeah... pillows.

JIM
(morose)
...If my parents have the alarm set, I'm screwed. I'll have to sleep in the yard.

KIM
How many times did we tell you to call them and tell them we're coming back early?

DENNY
But did you?

SUZANNE
No-o-o. You'd rather complain.

JIM
Sure. How else am I supposed to keep from being bored to death by you guys?

Kim giggles and playfully whacks him.

KIM
Don't you ever stop?

JIM
Nope.

KIM
(imitates him)
Nope.

JIM
You didn't call your parents.

KIM
They don't run their house like a police state either.

She climbs out. Jim's arm trails along.

KIM
Bye, you guys. Thanks for driving, Denny.

== Script Fly.com ==

A chorus of "Bye, Kim." She kisses Jim.

KIM
Don't forget your arm.

JIM
(laughs)
Oh yeah.

He pulls his arm in. Someone else slides the door shut. The van drives off.

75 AT THE FRONT STOOP 7

Kim fumbles with her key. She lets herself

76 INSIDE 76

and tip-toes through the living room, the hall, up the steps, and

77 INTO HER OWN ROOM. 77

She dumps her junk onto the floor -- the sudden noise disturbs Edward. His eyes pop open. There before him is Kim. Like a vision.

Awed and speechless, he can't help but watch as she undresses in the dark, eager to peel off her damp clothes. Soon she's down to her underwear. He reacts to the sight of her, catching his breath, thrashing his arms. One of his fingers pierces the water bed. A serious leak erupts.

Kim whips around and sees Edward in her bed, his pale face, his wild hair, and his hands -- the long, bizarre, shocking shears that are his fingers.

She SCREAMS.

Edward tries to leap out, but the bed sways violently and is suffocatingly deep. Desperate to get a purchase, his stabbing fingers flail. In his panic, he repeatedly punctures the rubber mattress.

Water gushes. It floods the room.

Shrieking, Kim bolts into the

78 UPSTAIRS HALL. 78

Soaking wet, Edward follows.

== Script Fly.com ==

KIM
Dad!!... Help!!!

Woken by the cries, Bill and Peg scramble sleepily into the hall.

BILL
Kim...

PEG
What are you doing here?

Kim flings herself at her parents, pressing herself against her mother, trying to cover herself. Kevin stumbles from his room.

KEVIN
(groggy)
What's going on?

BILL
Go back to bed.

KEVIN
Okay.

He staggers back into his bedroom.

KIM
(paws frantically)
Get him away from me. Who is he? He was in my bed. I turned around and there he was, staring!

PEG
Ssh... Calm down...

Edward stands dripping in the doorway to Kim's room, feeling helpless, revealed, inexplicably ashamed.

Arms around Kim, Peg leads her off, into the master bedroom.

KIM
But what's the matter with him? What's he doing here? What's the matter with his HANDS!!?

Edward hangs his head.

KIM (O.S.)
Mom! He's horrible. I was so scared.

PEG (O.S.)
If you'll just be quiet...

== Script Fly.com ==

KIM (O.S.)
He was in my bed! He ruined it!
Did you see my room?!
(suddenly gasps)
What if I'd gotten all the way
undressed?

BILL
(gently takes Edward's arm)
Why don't we go downstairs?

CUT TO:

79 INT. FAMILY ROOM. A LITTLE LATER. 7

Bill grunts with the effort of pulling the hide-a-bed out of the convertible couch.

BILL
I guess you should sleep in here.
(sees that it has sheets)
Good. It's already made up.

Edward stands to one side. He looks drawn, very upset.

Bill goes behind the wet bar, takes out two glasses and pours them each a Scotch. He hands a glass to Edward:

BILL
Here. Try this.

But Edward has trouble getting a purchase on the glass. The smooth sides are slick, slippery.

Bill solves the problem by setting the glass down on the bar and dropping in a straw. Edward pulls on the straw, swallows, and coughs violently.

EDWARD
(struggling to talk)
What is it?

BILL
Lemonade... Tastes pretty good,
doesn't it?

Edward's still choking. His eyes are watering. Bill pours him another shot.

BILL
Don't let her bother you. When
they're teenagers, their emotions
are like that. Especially with
girls.

== Script Fly.com ==

EDWARD
Like what?

Bill isn't used to being asked to explain what he's said. He's not used to anyone really listening. It's a little unnerving. He downs his own shot.

BILL
Uh... active like that... It's on account of their glands, you know...

EDWARD
(focusses earnestly)
Their glands?

BILL
Yep. That's what it is...

Bill raises his glass, cutting off any further questions.

BILL
Drink up, Ed.

He throws back another shot. Edward thoughtfully sucks on his straw.

CUT TO:

80 INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM. SAME TIME. 8

Peg and Kim make up the other twin bed in Kevin's room, while Kevin, dead to the world, sleeps in his. Kim's face is swollen from tears, but she has calmed down considerably. Every so often residual nerves make her hiccup. They try to whisper.

KIM
But why did you bring him here?

PEG
You would've done the same thing. He was so pathetic.

KIM
He's still pathetic.

PEG
My goodness, Kim, I'm surprised at you. He can't help it. Have a little sympathy.

KIM
I do!... But why does he have to stay here?

== Script Fly.com ==

Peg rolls her eyes. She arranges the bedspread and fluffs up the pillows.

PEG
Come meet him.

KIM
(breaks into her normal voice)
I already have.

Peg puts a finger to her lips.

PEG
Kim...

KIM
What?

PEG
Shake hands with the man and--

KIM
(appalled; loudly)
Shake hands?

Peg shushes her and steers her toward the door.

PEG
Don't be so literal. You know what I mean. You scared him to death.

KIM
Right. I scared him to death.

CUT TO:

81 INT. FAMILY ROOM. A LITTLE LATER. 81

Bill is tipsy and Edward is downright loaded. Blurred, he leans against the bar for support. He chases the straw with his mouth, finally succeeds in wrapping his lips around it, and contentedly sucks. He's not coughing any more.

Peg ushers Kim into the room.

PEG
Edward.

Edward blearily looks up. He stares at Kim.

EDWARD
(slurs)
You're even prettier than in your pictures.

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Kim gapes, disgusted.

PEG
Yes... well... what a nice compliment. I know she'd like to say a proper hello to you. Wouldn't you, Kim?

KIM
(sullen)
Hi.

EDWARD
Hello, Kim!

He staggers a few steps toward her. Bristling, she backs away, keeping maximum distance.

EDWARD
I'm very happy to meet --

He collapses before he can finish his greeting. Fingers clattering, he passes out into a heap on the floor.

Kim's face betrays her utter revulsion.

CUT TO:

82 EXT. MONROE'S BACKYARD. DAY. 82

Marvelling at Edward as he works, Joyce rapturously squeezes lemons for fresh lemonade.

He's shaped a tall bush into a penguin and a short one into a sleeping fawn and is working on a boxwood poodle, a replica of Kisses -- who yaps constantly and hops around him.

JOYCE
Kisses! Hush up now, honey.

The dog's yipping doesn't let up for an instant.

Humming and swaying, Joyce pours tons of sugar into the pitcher of lemonade.

Monstrously hung over, Edward has trouble concentrating. He shakes, sweats profusely. The sun hurts his eyes. His hands feel heavy, spastic. And the barking makes his headache worse.

Covering with a saccharine smile, Joyce boots Kisses in the hind end. The dog lets out a screeching yelp and runs to hide.

JOYCE
Now there's Mommy's precious little baby.

== Script Fly.com ==

She offers Edward a glass of her lemonade.

JOYCE
Thirsty?...

Edward shudders.

JOYCE
Wouldn't a nice tall glass of cool lemonade taste just fine right about now?

The thought makes Edward reel.

EDWARD
Lemonade?

It's more than his stomach can bear. Heaving, he bends into the bushes.

JOYCE
My, my, honey. I don't bite... well, if truth be told... but it feels good. Real, real good.

CUT TO:

83 INT. KEVIN'S CLASSROOM. DAY. 8:

At the front of the room, Kevin presents Edward to his class for 'show and tell.' He stands beside Kevin clacking his scissor fingers open and shut.

KEVIN
They're the sharpest things in the world. They can hack through anything. Also, when you play 'scissors, paper, stone' with him, you always get to win. Watch.

He and Edward chant "scissors, paper, stone." Kevin comes up with a fist and Edward has his hands outstretched. Kevin bangs Edward's fingers with his fist.

EDWARD
No. I'm paper this time. My hands are flat.

KEVIN
Unh-unh. Those are scissors.

MAX
(yells from the back)
You lose again!

== Script Fly.com ==

ANOTHER KID
Those are scissors all right.

All the kids agree. Edward shrugs good-naturedly. He takes a piece of paper and whips out a quick chain of dolls. The kids ooh and aah.

CUT TO:

84 EXT. TRISH'S FRONT YARD. ANOTHER DAY. 84

Edward spruces up Trish's small rose garden while she sits watching from her front stoop, grinning at him. It is unnerving that every time he turns to look, she waves. Uncertain what's expected of him, he waves back, then continues working.

CUT TO:

85 INT. JACKIE'S HI-TECH KITCHEN. ANOTHER DAY. 85

This glaringly contemporary kitchen makes Peg's look shabby and tired.

Edward eats lunch at the island in the middle of the kitchen, spearing chunks of chicken salad while JACKIE, the perky young woman whose newly-remodelled house this is, smiles moonily at him.

CUT TO:

86 EXT. STREET. LATE AFTERNOON. 86

Kim, Jim, and Suzanne, arms full of books, walk home from school. Many of the once bland yards they pass now have examples of Edward's extravagant topiary art.

KIM
I think they look weird. They give me the creeps.

SUZANNE
You should see the bowling pin Mrs. Peters had him make in her yard.

They pass Marge's house -- so freshly landscaped that Edward is just now coming out the side gate.

EDWARD
(calls)
Kim!

KIM
Oh no...

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Suzanne's eyes bug out as she sees Edward for the first time.

SUZANNE
...That's him?

Jim, also seeing him for the first time, laughs loudly. He makes his hands like spears and pokes Kim.

JIM
He's calling you, Kimba.

Kim side steps away and walks faster.

KIM
Stop...

Waving a paper bag, Marge calls from the front door of her house.

MARGE
Edward! Come back! You forgot your cookies!

Ever polite, Edward goes back for the cookies.

Jim catches up with Kim and lifts her -- he's gargantuan and she's tiny. Her legs wheel in the air.

JIM
(calls dramatically)
Don't worry, Eddie! She's waiting for you!

KIM
(upset)
Put me down! It's not funny!

After another beat, Jim, guffawing meanly, finally sets her down.

SUZANNE
Come on. Let's get out of here.

The girls scoot away. Jim follows them, still laughing.

By the time Edward comes outside again with the cookies, Kim and her friends are way far away down the next block. Disappointed, he looks after.

87 ACROSS THE STREET, 8

Esmeralda, seeing Edward, shrieks soundlessly at her living room window.

== Script Fly.com ==

Edward sees. He too opens his mouth in a soundless scream and hurries after Kim and her friends.

CUT TO:

88 INT. BOGGS' DINING ROOM. LATER. 8

Peg and Bill sit at their usual places, flanked by Kim, Jim, and Suzanne on one side, and Kevin and Edward on the other. Edward, who has prepared the dinner, carves the roast with his bare hands as it were.

Watching him, Suzanne's face controts in disgust. Jim watches with a mischievous grin.

PEG
(enviously; to Bill)
Edward had lunch at Jackie's today. She just had her kitchen redone -- new paint, new cabinets, new floor, all new everything -- microwave, silent dishwasher, one of those industrial fridges, chrome sinks--

BILL
(interrupts defensively)
Sounds swell.

PEG
(to Jim)
Didn't you tell me your mother had hers done too?

JIM
(nods)
And my father bought himself a bunch of new toys -- a big screen t.v., c.d. players, a VCR with four heads...

PEG
(wistfully)
It must be... something to be rich... How does it feel?

JIM
(shrugs)
They keep everything locked up. My dad has a separate room for his stuff just to make sure I can't use any of it... He's so tight, he won't even help me buy an old car.

== Script Fly.com ==

BILL
He wants you to pay for it yourself, I bet. I agree with him. You'll appreciate it more... Builds character.

KIM
Dad!

PEG
Jim has plenty of character.

BILL
(eager to change the subject)
Speaking of money... I understand you're not charging for your gardening, Ed.

PEG
(correcting)
Edward.

Edward, who hasn't been paying attention, hears his name and looks up from his carving.

PEG
Marge made him cookies today.

BILL
(snorts dismissively)
You can't use cookies to buy yourself the necessities of this life. You can't buy a car with cookies, can you, Jim?

JIM
That's true, sir, you can't.

Edward spears a slice of meat and holds it out toward Suzanne's plate. Revolted, she claps the plate to her chest.

SUZANNE
No way. That's too disgusting. I mean he used his hands! How do I know they're even sanitary?

Unnerved, Edward quickly offers the piece of meat to Kim, but too quickly, and it slides off his fingers, straight into her lap.

Jim can't stifle a guffaw. Following his lead, Kevin laughs too.

Squealing, Kim stands. The meat drops heavily to the floor.

KIM
Now look what you did!

== Script Fly.com ==

SUZANNE
Your best pants...

PEG
Come on. It's easy enough to clean up.

Horrified by the mess he's made, Edward scurries to help Kim -- his lethal fingers waving solicitously. Jim draws back, out of harm's way. By the look on his face, he's enjoying this immensely.

KIM
Get away from me!

She bolts from the room. Edward looks helplessly after.

CUT TO:

89 INT. FAMILY ROOM. LATER. 89

Bill sets up the bumper pool table for a game. Edward wrestles with his unwieldy cue.

BILL
... We should decide what to charge your customers. You could start yourself quite a little business.

In her bathrobe, Kim carries the soiled pants to the washing machine.

EDWARD
(anxiously to Kim)
Are you okay? I'm sorry about--

KIM
(cuts him off)
Forget it.

She concentrates on the washer. Jim saunters in, grinning at Edward and the errant cue.

JIM
(sotto voce to Kim)
Let's stay... This looks like it could be good.

BILL
(offers Edward advice)
Try holding it this way.

Jim comes over..

== Script Fly.com ==

JIM
Don't you think we should rig something up for him, Mr. Boggs?

Jim rummages on the household tool shelf.

BILL
Good idea, Jim. You know, you're such an enterprising guy, smart too, you ought to be able to figure out a way to get yourself a car.

JIM
I'm sure working on it, sir.

Jim lashes together the scissor fingers of Edward's right hand and sticks a wad of flattened-out rubber on the end.

JIM
Go for it, Ed.

EDWARD
Thank you.

BILL
I'll take a practice shot to show you how it's done.

Bill hits a ball. It banks then rolls into a pocket.

BILL
Your turn.

Edward angles for a long time. Watching, Jim barely contains his hilarity.

BILL
Get a little lower. You're above your cue...uh ... arm. That's right. Bend your knees.

JIM
Now you're too low. Swing to the left... Okay. Perfect. Shoot!

Edward shoots. The rubber flies off the tip of his hand. The string holding together his fingers unravels. His blade tips are aimed straight for the felt and it looks like he's about to tear a long gash in it.

Breath held, everyone waits for the inevitable.

Fighting inertia, Edward manages to turn his sharp tips upwards, out of harm's way... but the relief that follows is instantly broken as Edward's blades, still moving, plunge headlong into the cue ball, skewering it.

== Script Fly.com ==

Kim bursts out laughing.

Edward gapes at her: this is the first time he's heard her happy, tinkling laugh. He brightens -- it doesn't matter to him that he's the brunt of the joke... Her laugh delights him.

BILL
(grumbles)
I don't see what's so funny.

Kim snickers into her sleeve. Her eyes shine. Briefly, they meet Edward's.

CUT TO:

90 INT. BOGGS' BATHROOM. LATER. 90

Edward preens in the medicine cabinet mirror. He smoothes his hair. He tries on smiles -- approving some, discarding others. He studies what he looks like laughing.

When he swats at a bothersome fly, he also slashes his nose. Bending over the sink, trying to keep the blood from dripping onto the floor, he stamps his foot in frustration.

EDWARD
I've got to stop doing that...!

CUT TO:

91 EXT. BETH'S YARD. DAY. 91

Edward puts the finishing touches on a topiary armchair.

Underneath, trying to keep out of the sun, sprawls the DOG that lives here. He's shaggy. His fur is matted and as overgrown as one of the raggedy plants Edward shapes. He pants heavily. He extends his nose to the hand Edward offers him -- and starts at the cold, unexpected sensation of metal rather than flesh.

Automatically, Edward begins to clip him, snipping and trimming and beautifying. Behind them, Beth yelps a squeal of delight. The newly-groomed mutt galumphs happily up to her.

BETH
Oh... This can't possibly be my old Sherman! He looks too gorgeous!

CUT TO:

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92 EXT. BOGGS' BACKYARD. ANOTHER DAY. 92

The neighborhood women line up with their dogs -- big dogs, little dogs, dogs on leashes, dogs in their mistresses' arms.

At the head of the line, Joyce looks snake-fascinated as she holds her little toy poodle on top of a table while Edward, dressed in a smock, grooms the dog into a form as odd and artful as that of any of the hedges. Kisses quivers flightily under Edward's quick blades.

JOYCE
(shows cleavage as she coos)
Don't you worry, Kisses...

She beams at Edward.

JOYCE
Is there anything you can't do, Edward? I swear, you take my very breath away.

Edward, concentrated on his work, steps back for perspective, snips a last snip or two.

EDWARD
There.

JOYCE
Will you just look at Mommy's precious! You're a perfect work of art.
(to Edward)
And you are an artist ...

Joyce crushes the dog to her breast.

JOYCE
Have you ever cut a woman's hair?

She pulls over a chair and sits.

JOYCE
Will you cut mine?

Edward gently swivels her head, studying its shape, the bones, her facial structure, the texture of her hair. She trembles with anticipation.

Then, he proceeds -- cut straight here, a sharp angle here, snip this end... She thrills under the fast and dangerously close action of his blades. Her eyes flutter closed. A small, smile of bliss puckers her lips.

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Edward works with characteristic meticulousness and speed. He is alive when he's working, and self-confident -- a hundred and eighty degree difference from other situations, those with Kim especially.

He moves around Joyce's head, steps back, comes forward, makes split second decisions. His hands never stop cutting. Her hair spills to the ground. At last, he steps back, looks, and is satisfied.

EDWARD
There. It's done.

Flushed, Joyce opens her eyes.

JOYCE
That was the single most thrilling experience of my life.

The haircut is strange, unlike other haircuts, more like a topiary than a haircut.

CUT TO:

93 A SERIES OF QUICK SHOTS 93

of Edward cutting the womens' hair. He wields his hands with greater and greater flourish, clearly growing vain about his skills. His actions take on the elegance of choreography.

The last woman in the chair is Peg.

CUT TO:

94 INT. MASTER BEDROOM. LATE AFTERNOON. 94

Edward sits at the dressing table while Peg fusses over him, applying gobs of make-up to his face. She's on the phone, the receiver squeezed between her ear and shoulder, freeing both her hands. The big Avon handbook lies on the floor, its spine broken, the pages creased and wrinkled from overuse.

PEG
(whispers to Edward)
... the head of the company--
(the connection's made)
Hello?... Oh, I'm talking to you in person! I feel so honored...

Pleased, proud, she smiles reassuringly at Edward.

PEG (CONT'D)
...Great. So you know all about it.

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She listens.

PEG (CONT'D)
Uh-huh.
(examines the jar on the table)
That's exactly what I'm using.

She emphatically nods as she listens.

PEG
Well, I've had some trouble getting that the right consistency, just a little.

She glances briefly at the runny, impossibly shapeless, unmanageable goop in a small mixing bowl, then at Edward's eager, hopeful face.

PEG
Oh. I'll try that!...
(listens)
What imaginative suggestions!
(listens)
I certainly will. Thanks so much. 'Bye.

She hangs up.

PEG
No wonder she's the head of the company -- she started out as a sales representative, you know... just like me. I've always wanted to talk to her, but until now, I haven't had a reason to...

EDWARD
She had some ideas?

PEG
You bet she did.

Enthusiastically, she mixes various powders and gels, adding hunks of the cream from the jar already on the table. Then she rubs the concoction onto Edward's face.

He begins to look as ghoulish and artificial as Auschenbach in "Death In Venice."

KIM (O.S.)
Mom! I'm home!

PEG
Up here, honey!

== Script Fly.com ==

Peg slops on another layer of the make-up as Kim thumps up the stairs.

PEG
This is helping ...

Kim reaches the doorway. Her mother has her back to her, blocking Edward from view.

KIM
Hi!

Peg turns.

PEG
How was school?

Flabberghasted, Kim gawks -- at her mother's hair-do, at Edward's face which she can now see, again at her mother's hair-do.

KIM
Look at your hair!

PEG
Edward cut it. Isn't it ... kooky?

Edward tries on one of the smiles he's been practicing.

KIM
(guffaws)
It sure is kooky all right.

Giggling in disbelief, she pulls back into the upstairs hall.

EDWARD
I think she likes it.

They can hear her still giggling, even when she reaches her room.

CUT TO:

95 EXT. STREET IN TOWN. ANOTHER DAY. 95

Helen pulls her sedan into a parking spot in front of a store that advertises KEYS MADE, KNIVES AND SCISSORS SHARPENED. She wears a partially-completed, distinctively-Edward hair-do. Edward is in the passenger seat.

96 INSIDE THE CAR: 96

He waits while Helen reaches across him to open the door for him. Then gingerly climbs

== Script Fly.com ==

97 OUT. 97

On the sidewalk across the street, he spots Kim and Jim and Suzanne and other of their friends. Kim and Jim are holding hands and cuddling. They don't see him.

He watches. He drifts toward them, totally unself-consciously, drawn the way a moth is drawn to a porch light.

Helen can't understand why he's wandering off in the wrong direction.

HELEN
This is it. We're here. This is where you can get sharpened. Right in front of us.... Right behind you.

Kim and her friends pile into Denny's van. She still doesn't notice Edward. The van door slides closed. Edward looks longingly as it drives away.

CUT TO:

98 EXT. BOGGS HOUSE. DUSK. 98

Edward (his freshly whetted and polished blades shining) arrives home to find Jim tugging at a closed window and Kim rummaging through her purse. She dumps the contents on the ground near the front door.

KIM
(spots Edward)
Do you have a key?

EDWARD
No. Peg's not home?

Kim shakes her head and paws at the bottom of her purse.

KIM
I could've sworn I put it in here. Somewhere.

Jim tries to force another window.

Edward studies the front door lock, then fiddles with it.

KIM
We could be out here for hours. Who knows when Mom's coming back...

JIM
We're stranded.

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99 AT THE FRONT DOOR, 9

Kim watches as the lock clicks under Edward's dexterous blades and the door swings open.

KIM
Amazing!

He steps aside to let her go in first. Happy, she hurries in.

KIM
Thanks.

He blushes.

JIM
Ed, what a guy! Good job!

Kim trots upstairs to her room. Jim stoops to inspect the lock.

JIM
You didn't break it or scratch it or anything...

EDWARD
It was easy.

JIM
No fingerprints either. That's wild.

Jim strides inside and heads for the steps to the bedrooms.

JIM
Hey, be a pal and yell when Peg pulls in.

Jim winks and hurries upstairs.

As Edward anxiously listens to their distant giggles, the blades of his hands open and close slightly.

CUT TO:

100 INT. TELEVISION STUDIO. DAY. 100

Edward sits on the raised stage with the affable HOST of the local daytime talk show. He wears the make-up Peg has devised for him -- very thick, unnaturally white. He certainly looks less scarred, but he also looks stranger. With him are a plant he's trimmed, a dog he's groomed, and Peg -- as an example of his hair styling skills. He fields questions from the packed audience, mostly middle-aged women.

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YOUNG WOMAN IN AUDIENCE
How old are you?

HOST
Now there's a question most people hate to answer.

EDWARD
Seven.

The audience chortles uncomfortably.

OLDER WOMAN
What's been the best part of your new life here in town?

EDWARD
(with a glance at Peg)
The friends I've made.

The audience warmly oohs and aahs.

RED-HAIRED WOMAN
Have you considered corrective surgery or prosthetics? I have a doctor friend who I think can help you.

EDWARD
Really? I'd love to meet him.

HOST
Will you give us the name after the show?

The woman nods and takes her seat again.

TEENAGE GIRL
But if you had regular hands, you'd be like everyone else.

EDWARD
(smiles wistfully)
Yeah.

Peg tenderly pats him on the back. The audience oohs and aahs again. He has won their hearts.

TEENAGE GIRL
But then nobody would think you were special. You wouldn't be on t.v. or anything.

PEG
No matter what, Edward will always be special.

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The audience applauds. It makes Edward feel shy, but he maintains his poise.

RICH WOMAN
Your work is so interesting, so distinctive, so unique, I wonder if you have plans to open your own beauty salon.

HOST
Hey, Edward, how 'bout it?

The audience cheers. Peg nods hearty agreement.

BLONDE IN T.V. AUDIENCE
Do you have a girlfriend?

Embarrassed, Edward looks away, straight into the camera.

CUT TO:

101 INT. BOGGS' FAMILY ROOM. SAME TIME. 101

Kim, sitting on the couch with Jim and Kevin, looks back, directly into Edward's face on the t.v. screen. It is as if, for an instant, they actually make eye contact.

Jim playfully pokes her.

JIM
Sure he does. Right, Kim?

She bats him away. She doesn't like this teasing and makes a face.

KIM
Gross...

KEVIN
(imitates Jim)
Right, Kim? Huh? Huh?

KIM
(scowls)
Terrific... Now you've gotten him started.

Jim lightly swats Kevin.

JIM
Knock it off, bubble butt.

KEVIN
But <u>you</u> did.

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JIM
So?

102 ON THE TELEVISION, 102

Edward shyly wiggles in his chair. He hasn't answered the question.

HOST
Go on, Edward. You can tell us.
Is there someone special?

Edward stammers. His hands fly out nervously, catching the microphone cord attached to his lapel -- which he accidentally snips in two.

The audience gasps.

His metal fingers glow. His hair stands on end. He is raised off his seat and jolted as the shock runs through him.

103 IN THE FAMILY ROOM, 103

Kim catches her breath. Her eyes widen at the sight of Edward's electrocution. Her hands cover her mouth.

KIM
Oh no!...

KEVIN
Wow...

JIM
Check out his hair...

104 ON THE T.V., 104

the shock finally releases Edward, dumping him in a smoldering heap. Peg screams. The host quickly steps in front of the camera.

HOST
Don't be alarmed. Everything's all right. We'll be back in a moment.

A commercial takes over.

105 IN THE FAMILY ROOM, 105

Jim laughs, amazed. Kevin, eager to please, laughs with him.

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JIM
Did you get a load of the look on his face?

KEVIN
That was cool.

JIM
Man, he sure got a surprise.

Jim guffaws. Kevin too. Kim looks dismayed.

KIM
Why are you laughing? Didn't you see? He got hurt.

JIM
Naw. It was only a little shock.

KIM
A little shock?

JIM
I wish we'd been taping it. I'd give my left nut to see that again!

CUT TO:

106 EXT. TELEVISION STUDIO. LATER. 106

Paramedics slide Edward's stretcher into the back of their van. He's singed, still smoking. A crowd of sobbing women watches.

CUT TO:

107 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM. DAY. 107

Edward sits, propped up by innumerable pillows, comfortably tucked into a hospital bed. Flowers choke the room. There are get-well cards everywhere. The only indications of the accident are that the tips of his blades are blackened and the ends of his hair frizzed.

A large, starched NURSE perches on a chair at the foot of his bed, scrutinizing him as he gently saws the top off a soft-boiled egg and carefully dips in with the point of one finger.

NURSE
If I were you, I'd stay away from electricity. You're lucky the juice wasn't more powerful.

Edward rips the paper napkin as he goes to pat his mouth.

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EDWARD
Yes.

NURSE
I guess you also have to be careful of magnets.

He nods.

NURSE
Your clothes must need an awful lot of mending.

He sighs. She stands to go.

EDWARD
There's a doctor people keep mentioning to me... someone who they think could help me...

He holds up his ungainly hands.

NURSE
I've never heard of anybody like that. Not connected to this hospital.

Resigned, Edward nods. This is what he'd expected.

NURSE
Try not to rip the sheets or we'll have to charge you extra.

108 AT THE DOOR, 108

she plows through a small crowd of reporters there.

NURSE
Out of the way. This is a private room.

REPORTER
What's he doing?

NURSE
The patient is resting.

SECOND REPORTER
What's the prognosis?

NURSE
No comment. No more questions.

THIRD REPORTER
When can we see--

== Script Fly.com ==

NURSE
Are you deaf? I said no more questions! And if you people don't back off into the waiting area, I'll call hospital security. You're not allowed here!

CUT TO:

109 EXT. HOSPITAL ENTRANCE. ANOTHER DAY. 109

The reporters yell out questions at Edward and snap pictures as he and Kim get into Denny's van which Jim is driving.

110 INSIDE, 110

protective of Edward, Kim glowers at the reporters gathered in front of the hospital -- soon receding as the van zooms off.

KIM
It's like they wanted to swallow you up, like they think they own you or something.

JIM
What're you gonna do for autographs, Ed? Poke holes in a piece of paper?

EDWARD
(gesticulates excitedly)
A couple of the nurses asked me and I didn't know what to do. It's a real problem, but--

JIM
Hey, watch the shears, man. This isn't my van. It's Denny's, and he wouldn't want a bunch of holes in the upholstery, okay?

EDWARD
(feels chastized)
No, of course not.

He quietly drops his hands into his lap.

CUT TO:

111 EXT. BOGGS' HOUSE. LATER. 111

As the van pulls up, neighbors rush out of their houses.

== Script Fly.com ==

TRISH
Welcome home, Edward!...

HELEN
You're back!

JOYCE
Oh, Edward!

JIM
Here come the ladies.

A mobile news unit arrives.

JIM
Here comes the press.

They duck inside.

112 OUTSIDE, 112

undaunted, the women and the mini-cam crew scurry around to the back.

113 IN THE LIVING ROOM, 113

Jim slides his arms around Kim.

JIM
(rubs noses)
When's your Mom coming home?

KIM
Not for hours.

JIM
How nice...

He draws her to him for a kiss. Edward can't help staring. He knows he shouldn't watch, but he can't tear his eyes away. Kim's lips, her eyes fluttering closed -- they're so beautiful.

In the background, through the bay window, people can be seen streaming into the backyard.

Suddenly, Jim glares at Edward.

JIM
Don't you think you ought to go meet your public?

Caught watching, Edward jumps. He backs awkwardly out of the room.

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114 IN THE BACKYARD, 114

the crowd surrounds him.

AT THE BAY WINDOW,

Kim and Jim watch.

JIM
Which one do you think'll get him into bed first?

KIM
(screws up her face)
But he'd cut you up into little pieces!

Edward sneaks a peek back at Kim and Jim. Seeing that they're still at the window, he smiles.

JIM
I guess the band-aids will give away the winner of the competition.

He cracks up.

115 IN THE BACKYARD, 115

Joyce rubs a surreptitious and hand up and down Edward's back. She lingers at the base of his spine.

Marge presents the cake she's made. Edward ceremoniously cuts it. It says "Welcome Home, Edward!" on top.

MARGE
It's chocolate on chocolate. I hope you like it.

EDWARD
It looks delicious. Kim loves chocolate.

Smiling, Edward holds the cake up so Kim can see from the living room window, but she isn't there anymore. The living room is empty. Kim and Jim have gone elsewhere. Edward's smile fades.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

115A EXT. CLOTH WORLD PARKING LOT. DAY. 115A

The shopping center parking lot is packed. Grocery store and Home Improvement Center SHOPPERS compete for space with the CURIOUS who have come out for the GRAND OPENING (there are banners slung everywhere) of CLOTH WORLD ("Miles O' Material") -- a fabric store the size of a warehouse.

CUT TO:

115B INT. CLOTH WORLD. DAY/SAME TIME. 115B

In progress is a fabric cutting ceremony -- with Edward as the centerpiece. The smiling STORE OWNER is photographed holding one of Edward's hands, the shears poised to cut the symbolic first bolt of cloth. An ADMIRING CROWD looks on.

CUT TO:

115C EXT. CLOTH WORLD PARKING LOT. DAY/SAME TIME. 115C

Pushing a cart full of groceries, Esmeralda is drawn toward the commotion in CLOTH WORLD.

CUT TO:

115D INT. CLOTH WORLD. DAY/SAME TIME. 115I

On the dais, the store owner guides Edward's hand through the cutting of the material.

STORE OWNER
(to the crowd)
Welcome to Cloth World! We are now officially open!

He raises Edward's hand in victory. The blades seem to stab the air.

Nosing her cart inside, Esmeralda sees Edward and SCREAMS and runs:

ESMERALDA
The day of judgement is here! It is now! It is upon us!

She threads her way way out as fast as she can.

CUT TO:

116-117 are omitted.

== Script Fly.com ==

118 EXT. GARDEN STORE. DAY. 118

Examples of Edward's topiarial genius are displayed in front of the store where the PROPRIETOR makes a big deal of presenting Edward with a shrub.

PROPRIETOR
For the many contributions you have made toward the beautification of our community....

CUT TO:

119 INT. BOGGS' KITCHEN. DAY. 119

Sitting in Edward's impromptu styling chair, Joyce frowns at herself in the mirror propped on the counter. Edward snips at her hair. She stops him, reaching up and grabbing his wrists.

JOYCE
Let's do something different today, honey... How about it?

EDWARD
Different?

JOYCE
Yes.

EDWARD
More?

JOYCE
Yes. Let's do more...

She smiles expectantly.

With great enthusiasm, Edward sets about devising a totally different hairstyle for her.

This isn't exactly the more Joyce thought they were talking about, and sulking, she slumps in the seat.

CUT TO:

120 EXT. STREET. DAY. 120

Kim and Jim meander home from school -- talking, holding hands. Suddenly Kim stops, lets go of Jim's hand.

KIM
But that's breaking and entering!

== Script Fly.com ==

JIM
Look, my parents've got insurance up the wazoo. What'll it cost them? A little hassle. That's about it. A week and my dad'll have new and better everything.

KIM
We can't...

JIM
There's a guy... He'll give us dough for the stuff, cash.

KIM
Please... I don't want to --

JIM
You don't want us to have a van like Denny's?
(nuzzles her)
Where we can be by ourselves whenever we like? With a mattress in the back...?

Of course, she wants all that. She stamps her foot and pouts. He smushes her against him.

KIM
I wish you wouldn't tell me. Why don't you just go ahead and do it?

JIM
Because my father keeps the damn room locked. We need Edward to get us in.

KIM
Can't you swipe the key? Like when he's asleep?

JIM
The only thing he hangs onto tighter is his dick... Come on, Kim, Razor Blades will do anything for you.

KIM
What do you mean!? No, he won't.

JIM
Oh no? Why don't you ask him?

== Script Fly.com ==

Defensively, after a beat:

KIM
That's not fair.

JIM
What's fair got to do with it? There isn't any other way.

KIM
There must be.

JIM
(shakes his head)
I've racked my brains... But I guess if you don't care about our being able to be alone...

KIM
Cut it out. You know I do.

Troubled, she walks on.

CUT TO:

121 EXT. STORE FOR LEASE. END OF THE DAY. 121

Bubbling with renewed enthusiasm, Joyce shows Edward the space she's found for the beauty salon. Along with her purse, she carries a large shopping bag.

JOYCE
What shall we call it?

They stare up, trying to imagine the sign. The old sign, "Heidi's Hair Fashions for Guys & Gals," has been taken down -- but the sun-burnt silhouette remains.

JOYCE
How about "Curl Up And Dye?" Get it? Dye -- D, Y, E.

She belly-laughs at her own joke.

EDWARD
"Shear Fun?"

JOYCE
No... I have it! "Shear Heaven!"

Beaming, Joyce hooks her arm through Edward's.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

122 INT. BEAUTY SHOP SPACE. MOMENTS LATER. 122

They walk through the space, empty and dusty now, but still equipped as a beauty salon with hair dryers, mirrors, sinks.

EDWARD
There's so much room.

JOYCE
I think we should move the mirrors along here and the row of chairs. The dryers over here. Sinks back into the corner. The changing rooms should go there.

EDWARD
There's even plenty of space up front for Peg to sell cosmetics.

JOYCE
Yes, maybe there is...

Joyce guides Edward toward the back.

JOYCE
Let me show you the big store room.

Still ogling, he lets himself be led.

123 IN THE STORE ROOM, 123

Joyce opens her shopping bag and pulls out a variety of smocks.

JOYCE
These'll prevent those itchy little trimmings from getting inside the ladies' clothes. I got several for us to choose from, so we can pick the color and style we like best.

EDWARD
I like the purple one.

JOYCE
You can't decide that way, silly boy... I have to model them for you.

She unzips her dress. It drops to the floor. Edward gapes. She steps toward him in nothing but her panties and bra. He's overwhelmed.

JOYCE
Why Edward, honey, you're trembling.

== Script Fly.com ==

Trembling herself, she trails a finger down his chest.

JOYCE
Me too... I've been dreaming about this moment... and here we are.

She takes ahold of one of his hands, brings the quivering shears up to her bra, places the blades on either side of the taut bit of elastic that joins the cups together.

Edward stands rooted to the spot in shock.

Joyce closes his blades with her own hands. Moaning, she rears back as her breasts bobble out, released from containment.

Not knowing how to exit gracefully, Edward bolts from the room.

JOYCE
... Hunh? Edward? Where you going, honey...?

His footsteps beat a fast retreat.

JOYCE
(bellows)
Edward! Come back here! It's going to be good! You'll have the time of your life!

(O.S.) the front door slams.

JOYCE
Hey! You can't do that!!

124 She roars out. Through the storefront glass, she sees Edward racing across the street. Furious, she marches back into the storeroom for her clothes. 124

CUT TO:

124A EXT. DENNY'S FAMILY RESTAURANT. DUSK. 124A

Disheveled, late, anxious to get in to join the Boggs' family (he can see them inside, already at a table eating), Edward has trouble with the glass door. It takes him a moment to hook his blades through the handle and get the leverage right to pull it open.

CUT TO:

125 INT. DENNY'S. DUSK/ MOMENTS LATER. 125

Out of breath, Edward slides into the booth.

== Script Fly.com ==

EDWARD
I'm sorry I'm late.

Kim nervously studies him. Feeling her eyes, he glances over, but she looks quickly away, busily plucks one of Kevin's fries off his plate -- he is absorbed in smothering them with ketchup and devouring them.

PEG
We went on ahead and ordered...

She opens a menu for Edward and sets it on the table in front of him.

BILL
How was your day?

EDWARD
Mrs. Monroe showed me where the salon's going to be. There's room for everything --
(to Peg)
-- you could even have a cosmetics counter there.

PEG
Really? What a terrific idea.

EDWARD
Then she showed me the back room where she took her clothes off.

Kim looks over at Edward. Did he just say what she thought he said? Flushing, she feels confused, jealous, possessive.

Peg shakes more ketchup onto Kevin's french fries.

BILL
(quickly changes the subject)
Well, I couldn't be more thrilled for you, Edward... This beauty shop venture ought to teach you volumes. There's nothing like running your own business. I've never done it myself, but, from what I gather, no greater satisfaction is available to a working man. I guess the bank'll be your next stop.

EDWARD
The bank?

== Script Fly.com ==

BILL
Sure. For a loan. To get you started. But, don't worry, Ed, with your talent and reputation, it'll be a snap.

Picking at her food, Kim's lost her appetite. She nudges Kevin beside her.

KIM
Let me out.

She leaves the table.

KIM
I'll be back.

Edward watches her go, then suddenly, the WAITRESS is behind him.

WAITRESS
What'll it be?

Edward jumps. He hadn't heard her arrive. Her pencil is already suspended above her pad, ready to take his order.

EDWARD
(blankly considers the menu)
Uh...

Flustered, he scratches his nose, nicking it.

CUT TO:

126 INT. BANK. DAY. 126

The LOAN OFFICER, a balding, pinched-looking man, shuffles papers on his desk. He does not make eye contact with Edward and Peg who sit opposite him.

LOAN OFFICER
No credit. No record of jobs you've held. No savings. No personal investments. You don't even have a social security number. You might as well not exist... There's no collateral...

He nods toward Peg -- who regretfully shakes her head.

PEG
We already have a second on the house... The testimonials don't make a difference? Did you see that the mayor's wife is looking forward to being a client?

== Script Fly.com ==

LOAN OFFICER
We simply can't do it.

The loan officer focusses on Edward.

LOAN OFFICER
Now, get that social security card. Establish credit. Buy yourself a car. You have an advantage, you could get a handicapped placard no problem, and park anywhere you feel like.

CUT TO:

127 EXT. BANK. DAY/LATER. 127

Edward stands back as Peg harangues, waving her arms, looking in general like she's about to explode.

PEG
It's an outrage! But don't worry... This isn't the end of it! We'll get the money somehow!

CUT TO:

128 EXT. JIM'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 128

Denny's van pulls up. Jim climbs out with a couple of his friends, Suzanne, Kim and Edward, all of them dressed in black. There are a few lights on in the house.

Kim balks.

KIM
Look! Lights! They're home.

She grabs Jim's arm.

JIM
They're away. I told you. They're gone for the weekend. Those come on automatically.

DENNY
(chuckles)
In case of burglars.

KIM
(whispers to Jim)
You turned off the alarm?

== Script Fly.com ==

JIM
Yes. What do you think?

He shakes her off and barrels on, organizing. She hangs back.

KIM
(murmurs more or less to herself)
I hate this... I can't believe this is happening...

SUZANNE
(whispers to Kim)
You sure he doesn't know it's Jim's house?

KIM
(shrugs)
He's never been here.

Up front, Jim urges Edward toward the door. Edward takes his time.

EDWARD
(too loud)
This guy stole stuff from you, right?

JIM
Ssh... Keep your voice down... I told you he stole it...

EDWARD
When his parents are home, come over and tell them and they'll make him give everything back.

JIM
(getting more anxious)
Quiet... Look, I already tried that. The guy's folks are like he is. The cops won't help because I didn't keep the receipts. I told you I can't prove anything's mine.

Edward looks warily at the house.

EDWARD
Their bushes could certainly use a good trimming too.

Jim's about to blow.

JIM
(gnashing his teeth)
You told Kim you'd do it. So will you?

== Script Fly.com ==

Edward looks back at Kim. Jim grimaces at her, makes a face indicating that she should give Edward a reassuring nod. Reluctantly, she finally does.

Taking a deep breath, Edward marches up to the front door and sets to work on the lock.

Straggling a bit, but cowed by Jim, the other kids follow. Kim comes last.

The tumbler clicks and everyone pours

129 INSIDE. 129

Using flashlights, they pick their way through the living room. Jim quickly turns over a photograph of himself on one of the lamp tables -- to keep Edward from seeing it.

130 AT THE ENTERTAINMENT ROOM DOOR, 130

Edward works at the dead bolt lock for an uncomfortably long time. At last it gives. Edward eases open the door and steps inside.

Instantly, ALARMS go off, the door electronically swings shut. A series of bolts is activated, and he is trapped. The phone dials the police.

Panicking, the kids take off -- all except for Jim and Kim.

JIM
The bastard had it wired separately!

Kim shoots him an accusatory look.

JIM
I didn't know! I've only been in there once!

He starts away.

JIM
Come on!

KIM
He's in there! We can't just leave him!

Sirens blare in the distance. Jim charges back for her, grabs her, and drags her

== Script Fly.com ==

131 OUT TO THE VAN. 131

JIM
We have to!

KIM
What's going to happen to him?

Jim pulls her in. The van squeals off.

132 INSIDE THE ROOM, 132

Edward helplessly scrabbles at the door.

133 OUT FRONT, 133

three blaring cherry tops scream up and COPS spring out, yanking out their guns. Neighbors hurry from their houses to see what's happening. One of the policemen, OFFICER ALLEN, shouts through a megaphone.

OFFICER ALLEN
We know you're in there. We're in the process of deactivating the system so you can come out. We want your hands high in the air where we can see them.

134 ON THE VAN, 134

as it speeds away, Kim's worried face at one of the windows.

135 INSIDE THE VAN, 135

pandemonium.

KIM
It's your house, Jim! They can't arrest you for setting off an alarm in your own house! We'll tell them we freaked and ran.

JIM
We're not going back there, okay?

KIM
Why not!?

JIM
He'd prosecute.

== Script Fly.com ==

KIM
His own son!?

JIM
Especially his own son.
(after a beat)
If he tells, I'll kill him.

KIM
Turn around, Denny!

JIM
No!

136 INSIDE THE ENTERTAINMENT ROOM, 136

the bolts that had shot across the door retract. Calmly obeying, Edward goes to the front door and

137 OUTSIDE. 137

He is blinded by spotlights. The neighbors murmur -- they recognize Edward.

OFFICER ALLEN
Your hands UP!

Edward obeys.

ANOTHER POLICEMAN
He's got something in his hands. looks like knives.

OFFICER ALLEN
Drop your weapons.

Edward squints, still blinded, and edges forward.

OFFICER ALLEN
I repeat. Drop your weapons.

The neighbors gasp.

OFFICER ALLEN
I'm going to ask you just one more time. This is your last warning. Drop your weapons. If you fail to do so, we will have to open fire. Don't make us do that, buddy. Drop them. Now.

Confused, Edward doesn't know what he's talking about. He looks around to make sure the guy is talking to him. He has no weapons.

== Script Fly.com ==

OFFICER ALLEN
(lowers the megaphone)
Looks like we got a psycho. I warned him. Prepare to fire.

The cops cock their guns.

BYSTANDERS
(surge forward)
NO-o-o-o!!!

Startled, the cops pivot and aim their guns at the crowd.

WOMAN IN CURLERS
(breathlessly)
Don't shoot! Those are his hands. Those aren't knives! They're his hands!

OFFICER ALLEN
What? Are you drunk, lady?

ANOTHER POLICEMAN
She's right... He's famous. I saw him on the news.

OFFICER ALLEN
You sure?

The other cop nods. Officer Allen sends two OTHER OFFICERS who approach, hand-cuff, and frisk Edward. They drag him forward.

Officer Allen recites him his rights.

CUT TO:

138 INT. VAN. A LITTLE LATER. 138

Kim is crying. The other kids are drawn, afraid, pissed at her for making them feel guilty.

CUT TO:

139 INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM. LATER THAT NIGHT. 139

Peg and Bill are escorted into the bare room where Edward is being detained. Both are fraught, especially Peg. She clutches to Bill as if for dear life.

PEG
I blame myself...

EDWARD
No.

== Script Fly.com ==

PEG
I've failed you...

Bill wraps an arm around her. He glares at Edward.

BILL
Could you tell me what exactly was on your mind, please...

Edward's head hangs.

PEG
(wails)
Why didn't I set a better example? You saw how I envy Jim's parents their money.

BILL
What were you planning to do with their things once you'd taken them?

PEG
I blithely say, 'we'll get the money for the salon. Somehow.' But I didn't mean stealing. Stealing isn't the way to get it. Stealing is no way to get anything.

BILL
Except into trouble. And you're in a serious heap of that.

PEG
What ever made you do it? Damn those t.v. programs. Or did someone put you up to this??

Miserable, Edward stares at the floor.

CUT TO:

139A INT. POLICE STATION. LATER SAME NIGHT. 139A

Edward stands at the desk while a police PSYCHOLOGIST reviews his file. Officer Allen looks on.

OFFICER ALLEN
Think he'll be okay, doc?

PSYCHOLOGIST
The years spent in isolation have not equipped him with the tools necessary to judge right from wrong. He has had no context. He's been without guidance.

== Script Fly.com ==

PSYCHOLOGIST (CONT'D)
Furthermore, his work -- the garden sculptures, hair styles, and so forth -- indicate that he's a highly imaginative ... uh ... character. It seems clear that his awareness of what we call reality is radically underdeveloped.

OFFICER ALLEN
(strains to understand)
So, he'll be all right out there?

PSYCHOLOGIST
Yeah, he'll be fine.

OFFICER ALLEN
(pokes Edward in the chest)
Listen. I like you. It could keep me up at night, worrying about you. You watch yourself, you hear?

CUT TO:

140 EXT. STREET. NEXT DAY. 140

Joyce and Marge and the other neighborhood women have gathered.

JOYCE
All along I felt in my guts that there was something wrong with him.

CISSY
He's a sociopath...

MARGE
It could've been my house!

JACKIE
Or mine!

141 FROM HER LIVING ROOM WINDOW, 141

Esmeralda sees the group of women. Gleeful, she swoops

142 OUTSIDE and DOWN THE STREET to the assembly. 142

ESMERALDA
I warned you, didn't I? I saw the sign of Satan on him. You didn't heed the warning, but now you will! Because now you can see it too!

== Script Fly.com ==

For once, the women don't dismiss her.

CUT TO:

144 EXT. BOGGS' HOUSE. SAME DAY. 144

Edward gets out of Peg's car. The neighbors disperse, heading inside their houses. He is immediately rushed by a little group of reporters, video cameras poised, pen and paper ready.

REPORTER
What do you have to say in your defense?

EDWARD
Nothing.

ANOTHER REPORTER
Nothing?

EDWARD
No.

T.V. NEWSWOMAN
You have to say something.

EDWARD
Why?

T.V. NEWSWOMAN
If you say nothing, we have nothing. No copy. No remarks to air.

REPORTER
So, were you set up? What was running through your mind? What was your motive? What do you have to say for yourself?

EDWARD
Nothing. I'm sorry.

Grumbling, the reporter stalks to his car. The others follow suit, shutting off cameras, repocketing notebacks, complaining to themselves. They climb into their various vehicles and speed away, leaving Edward and Peg gaping after.

CUT TO:

145 INT. KITCHEN. A LITTLE LATER. 145

Edward's appointment book open before her, Peg is on the phone.

== Script Fly.com ==

PEG
(into phone)
You've got to have the time, Marge. Heaven knows, Edward's schedule is flexible. You say when. Your yard probably needs trimming too.

Edward drifts past her, heading slowly into and through the

146 LIVING ROOM 146

only very nearly to collide with Kim -- who hurries in through the front door. She's startled at coming face to face with Edward.

KIM
You're here...

Staring at him, she nervously fishes for something to say.

KIM
...They didn't hurt you, did they?

Edward shakes his head. Kim looks around warily.

KIM
Where's Mom?

EDWARD
In the kitchen.

KIM
... Were you scared?

Edward stares at the floor.

KIM
I tried to make Jim come back. But you can't make Jim do anything...

Edward shrugs.

KIM
...I want to thank you for not telling anybody that we --

EDWARD
(curtly cuts her off)
You're welcome.

His tone hardly surprises her, but it hurts her anyway. She winces guiltily.

== Script Fly.com ==

KIM
It must have been awful when they told you whose house it was.

EDWARD
I knew it was Jim's house.

KIM
You did? All along?

EDWARD
Yes.

KIM
Then why did you do it?

EDWARD
You asked me to.

Kim is horrified to hear this.

147 Outside, the back gate slams loudly. Through the bay window, Jim can be seen striding across the backyard. 147

It is impossible for Kim to deal with what Edward's just said. She hurries out to head Jim off.

148 Edward watches 148

as she runs across the patio toward Jim. Her back is to him and he can't see the furious look on her face. He only sees that Jim has his arms open to her.

His hands shut, open again, shut, fretting, a harsh grating sound. They work unconsciously -- he starts snipping at the drapes beside him, only a little at first, but soon he's chopping them into rows of paperdoll cut-outs. Swooning, he lurches off, up the stairs.

CUT TO:

149 omitted.

150 EXT. BOGGS' BACKYARD. SAME TIME. 150

Jim goes to embrace Kim. But she pulls away.

KIM
Don't!

== Script Fly.com ==

JIM
What's the matter with you? When are you going to stop? I did what I could. My old man thinks he's retarded, otherwise he'd still be in jail... What more do you want from me?

KIM
You could tell the truth.

JIM
So could you. You were involved too.

KIM
(a vain stab at self-defense)
It wasn't my idea. You know I didn't want to do it.

JIM
But you did do it.

Stung, she whirls around.

JIM
(snarls after)
I don't get why you give such a shit anyway.

CUT TO:

151 INT. KITCHEN. SAME TIME. 151

Peg is still on the phone.

PEG
(into phone)
For goodness sakes, Lois, it looks like I'll see you at our Christmas party before I manage to get you over here for--
(interrupted, she listens)
...Of course, we're having it this year, we always have it, why wouldn't we?...

Irritated, she doodles in the appointment book as she listens.

PEG
(into phone)
Well, you may think so, but you're wrong!

== Script Fly.com ==

She hangs up, shaking her head in disgust, and, girding herself for more, immediately calls another number.

Kim storms in from outside.

PEG
(as much to herself as to Kim)
They don't have to be this way.
They could be more generous...

Kim doesn't know what she's talking about until she glances over her mother's shoulder -- the appointment book is cross-hatched with cancellations.

KIM
You mean nobody's going to let him give them a haircut?

Peg shakes her head and rolls her eyes. The phone is answered on the other end.

PEG
(into the receiver)
Hi. This is Mrs. Boggs calling.
Is your Mom there?

KIM
But what about all his plans? What about the salon? What's he going to do?

CUT TO:

151A INT. UPSTAIRS. DAY/SAME TIME. 151A

Edward has swept through the second floor of the house, "redesigning" everything in his path. He's made cut-outs in lampshades, curtains. Right now, he's in the

151B BATHROOM 151B

putting the finishing touches on the bath towels -- they are full of holes and look as lacy as spiderwebs.

CUT TO:

152-153 omitted

154 INT. BOGGS' DINING ROOM. DINNERTIME. 154

The Boggs family and Edward eat dinner. Peg sports a radical new haircut.

== Script Fly.com ==

BILL
... We'll think of a way for you to replace the drapes and the lampshades and the towels, Edward, but our confidence in you is not so easy to--

KIM
(interrupts)
Dad...!

BILL
All right... A little ethics, Edward. You're walking down the street. You find a suitcase of money. Nobody's around. There is no obvious owner. What do you do? A, keep the money. B, spend it on gifts for your loved ones. C, give it to the poor. D, turn it in to the police.

KIM
Dad. This is stupid....

KEVIN
I'd keep the money!

PEG
(glares at Kevin)
Simmer down.

BILL
Edward?

KIM
(tries to change subject)
I think we should all do something after dinner. Like go bowling together or--

PEG
You're not seeing Jim tonight?

KIM
No.

KEVIN
We had the coolest 'show and tell' today. This kid brought in a box of baby opossums, maybe ten of them or twelve. They were totally naked, no hair at all and--

== Script Fly.com ==

PEG
Quiet, Kev. Your father's not finished.

BILL
Edward? Which one?

EDWARD
(timidly)
I'd rather spend it on my loved ones.

Bill drops his head into his hands.

PEG
But, Edward, that would be wrong.

KEVIN
You dope, everybody knows you're supposed to give it to the police.

BILL
Good boy, Kevin.

KIM
Come on, you guys, think about it. Buying presents would be much nicer. That's what I'd want to do.

BILL
Kim! We're trying to help Edward, not confuse him more. Can't you be serious, just for once?

KIM
I am being serious. I thought it was a nice idea.

BILL
We're not talking nice, we're talking right and wrong.

Kevin snickers.

KIM
You shut up, butt face!

PEG
(bemoans)
No wonder we can't set a good example....

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

155 INT. VARIOUS HOUSES. DAY. 155

The neighborhood women gab on the telephone:

CISSY
Did you hear what he did to Peg's curtains?

155A TINKA 155A
It's unbelievable that they're having their Christmas party anyway!... Are you going?

155B BETH 155B
Are you kidding?

155A TINKA 155A
He practically raped Joyce, you know, threatening her with those knives of his... it was a miracle she escaped...

155C HELEN 155C
(overlaps)
I don't have anything against Bill and Peg, but--

155D GIGI 155D
As long as he's around...

155E JOYCE 155E
And they've got a teenage daughter in the house. The poor deluded things.... After what happened to me, can you fathom it?

155 CISSY 155
What did you say to Peg about the party?

155A TINKA 155A
I said I hoped we could make it.

155 CISSY 155
I lied too.

CUT TO:

156 EXT. BOGGS BACKYARD. DAY. 156

Edward works in the rose garden, snipping up newspaper for fresh mulch, stabbing the ground to prepare it. He's grimy. His shirt is in tatters. No more make-up covers his face. It's gone with his self-esteem.

== Script Fly.com ==

Still carrying her schoolbooks, Kim comes outside, looking for him.

KIM
There you are.

EDWARD
(bitterly)
Yes. Way, way out here in the rose garden...

He continues his work. Kim watches.

KIM
You know, I've been thinking...
(nods toward his tattered shirt)
...ripped-up clothes were the style a few years ago. We could get a bunch of t-shirts and you could design them, cut them up and everything. I bet we could sell them. Maybe we'd even usher in a come back.

EDWARD
Are you making a joke?

KIM
No.

EDWARD
How is someone supposed to tell? Everybody around here seems to have quite a sense of humor.

Kim stammers -- she wishes she could think of something to say that might make a difference, but she's spared having to say anything by Peg, calling from the kitchen door.

PEG
Edward, I'll take that haircut any time!

He gets to his feet and starts toward the house. Kim touches his arm, stopping him.

KIM
You know... I was wondering if you'd mind giving me a haircut some time.

Edward looks at her. He doesn't know how to read her. He doesn't understand. Why doesn't she leave him alone?

== Script Fly.com ==

EDWARD
(shakes his head)
Your hair is perfect just the way it is.

Moved by his obvious sincerity, she smiles warmly at him and would like to touch him again, but his back is to her and he is already beyond reach as he shambles to the door.

CUT TO:

157 INT. KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER. 157

Edward washes and dries his blades at the kitchen sink. Peg, wearing her umpteenth hair-do, drags a chair to the middle of the kitchen floor.

PEG
(musters enthusiasm)
Ready?

EDWARD
You don't honestly want me to cut it again, do you?

PEG
Of course I do. It makes me feel spoiled having my own personal hairdresser.

Entering from outside, Kim lingers beside Edward as if she's going to say something, but she doesn't. She looks from Edward to her mother and back again, then slouches off into the depths of the house, toward her room.

Kevin comes in to raid the cookie drawer.

EDWARD
You want to play 'scissors, paper, stone' later?

KEVIN
Naw.

EDWARD
Why not?

KEVIN
It's boring. I'm tired of winning all the time.

Kevin's gone -- also through the swinging door.

Draping a towel over her shoulders, Peg plunks herself down in the chair.

== Script Fly.com ==

It is near dusk and the kitchen is dim in the deepening darkness. Peg reaches over and flicks on a light, flooding the room.

PEG
Cut away!

Edward steps up to the chair.

DISSOLVE TO:

158 EXT. BOGGS' HOUSE. EVENING OF THE PARTY. 158

Clambering around on the roof, Bill sets up his annual Christmas display -- huge letters laid out on the slope -- they'd be visible from a low-flying plane -- HAPPY HOLIDAYS, NEIGHBORS! He laces strings of lights through the greeting.

159 INSIDE, IN THE LIVING ROOM, 159

Peg and Kim also thread strings of lights -- through the branches of the Christmas tree, a perfectly trimmed and shaped fir, its top nearly brushing the ceiling. The furniture has been moved out or pushed aside to make room for long buffet tables, draped with decorated paper tablecloths.

Kim peeks through the window into the backyard, angling to see better -- but she can only make out part of a step-ladder, the backside of Edward's legs, and a few chips of ice raining down.

Fascinated, she drifts toward him -- through the living room, the dining room, the swinging door into the kitchen (past platters, some empty and waiting, others already covered in saran wrap, holding cheeses and dips and cut-up vegetables) through the back door and onto the

160 PATIO. 160

Kim is dazzled by the array of ice sculptures that Edward has already carved.

Lined up side by side, they sparkle blindingly.

Awed, Kim bathes in the reflected light.

Moving reverently down the row, she is entranced by the intricacies of each sculpture. Santa Claus lugging his bag of toys. An elf. A reindeer attached to Santa's sleigh. A group of carolers, mouths open, singing together from a piece of sheet music. A fat snow man.

Beyond these, Edward stands on the step ladder, hewing at another gigantic block of ice, as stubbornly shapeless at this early stage as any slab of marble. The form has yet to be released.

== Script Fly.com ==

Edward concentrates, his attention rapt, a kind of glow upon him. His face, which has sometimes looked almost vacant, is now lit up with a strange intelligence. His hands work with more certainty than ever, without an instant's hesitation.

161 Kim watches in wonder. She steps closer, then closer, mesmerized. 161

Soon, she stands directly beneath the shower of ice spraying off Edward's blades.

KIM
(murmurs dreamily)
Snow...!

She opens her arms to embrace the falling flakes. Flushing, smiling deeply, her eyes closed, she tips her radiant face upwards. She catches gleaming shards of the ice on the tip of her tongue.

162 Then, she begins to dance. Her dance is shy at first, a little awkward, gangly. She gropes after a rhythm. 162

Edward watches. He helps her, altering the rhythm of his work. He offers her a different beat.

She takes it; steps, turns, kicks, follows with her arms. It's better, but still not there.

He speeds the tempo, a little at a time. As Kim responds, he speeds up more, works faster, then faster...

Yes! This is it!

Kim dances with abandon beneath the thick flurry of ice.

Unabashed glee and a kind of majestic gracefulness have been set free -- bursting from depths we could barely have suspected were there. Whirling, she is like some released animal, almost perfect. She grins so wide her face looks as if it might split in two.

On and on and on, he showers her with glittering chips of ice, fragments of pure light.

On and on and on, she dances.

JIM (O.S.)
(a loud and sudden SHOUT)
HEY!

163 INSTANTLY, 163

the trance is shattered. Snapped awake from their dream, Edward and Kim spin around.

== Script Fly.com ==

Corporeal again, earthbound, Kim clumsily scrapes her arm along one of Edward's blades, then IMPALES her finger on one of the points.

She recoils, gasps. She pales at the sight of BLOOD trickling down her hand.

EDWARD
(breathlessly, alarmed)
Kim?!!

But, before he can scramble down the ladder to help her, Jim comes between them, engulfing Kim in a protective hug.

JIM
Now you've done it!...

He sweeps Kim off her feet, cradling her in his arms as if she were tiny, a child.

KIM
(barely audible through tears she can't help)
I'm all right... It's just a scratch...

It all happens too fast -- the movement, the talking, the reacting. Jim melodramatically rips his shirt-tail and wraps the cloth around Kim's hand. Kim is swooning. Edward tries to get around to her, but Jim's bulk holds him at bay.

JIM
(growls loudly)
You just stay back! Touch her again and I'll kill you!

Hearing the commotion, Peg runs out, carrying a Christmas ornament she was about to hang on the tree.

EDWARD
Call a doctor!

JIM
He's skewered Kim!

Peg hurries over.

KIM
(softly protests)
I'm okay. It's just my finger. I'm fine.

Peg makes Kim sit up.

PEG
You look like you're going to faint.

== Script Fly.com ==

Peg pushes Kim's head between her knees. Edward tries again to get near, but Jim thunders toward him.

JIM
I mean it! Stay away from her! You can't touch anything without destroying it!... What the hell do you think you're doing hanging around here anyway?

Kim and her mother both look up to see Jim shoving and pushing and bullying Edward out of the gate. Wobbly, Kim stands to intercede.

KIM
No...

She has stood too abruptly. The blood drains from her face. She crumples, fainting, landing on the ground at her mother's feet. And Edward is gone.

CUT TO:

164 EXT. STREET. EVENING, SECONDS LATER. 164

From the rooftop, Bill shouts down at the fast-retreating figure of Edward.

BILL
Hey! Where are you going? What's happening?

Muttering, Bill begins to climb down.

164A Edward hurries up the sidewalk. His fingers are in constant motion, aggressively clipping. He hacks at the trees, the hedges, the topiaries he trimmed. 164A

In the houses, more than one woman looks out her window.

165 Helen watches Edward scuttle past. His arms pinwheel as he relentlessly carves his own work to bits, down to the stumps. She picks up the phone and punches 911. 165

HELEN
(yells at the operator who's answered)
Of course it's an emergency!

Edward reaches

165A A CAR PARKED AT THE CURB. 165A

He viciously stabs one of the tires, puncturing it.

== Script Fly.com ==

He goes to pull his blades back out, but he can't. They're stuck.

Infuriated, he hops around and tugs and struggles and braces himself against the car for better leverage. But, no matter what he tries, his hands stay stuck in the tire.

Finally, he manages to yank them free. The tire deflates. And Edward, completely off-balance, falls backwards into the bushes behind him.

CUT TO:

165A INT. ESMERALDA'S LIVING ROOM. EVENING/A LITTLE LATER. 165A

Esmeralda's careful dusting of her knick-knacks -- statuettes and gaudy miniatures of Jesus (a babe in arms, mid-crucifixion, and pieta) -- is interrupted by an ominous sound. Snip. Snip. Snip. Snip. Where's it coming from?

She stops to listen, but now it's quiet. She dusts on.

Snip, snip. Snip, snip.

There it is again. She shudders.

Snip, snip.

She tracks the sound to the bay window, isn't fooled when it stops once again, and whips back the heavy curtain to find a HORRIFIC PRICKLY DEMON up against the glass -- leering, tongue out, teeth bared, claws ready to swipe. Angry, twisted, on the attack, it seems that in the transformation the black soul of this tree has been unleashed. Obviously Edward has been here. She screams.

CUT TO:

166 INT. LIVING ROOM. A LITTLE LATER. 166

Jim holds Kim on the couch and Peg presses an ice pack to her head. She has a fresh bandage on her hand -- it is small. The scratch was, after all, just a scratch. Kim resists the attention and squirms, trying to get up.

PEG
Lie down. You fainted. Don't be an idiot! Just lie there.

KIM
God, you guys, you're making such a big deal out of this! I'm not the one in trouble! Edward is!

== Script Fly.com ==

PEG
Settle down. Your father will find him...

Peg lifts the ice pack and winces at the bruise on Kim's head. She shakes the ice pack. It sloshes. The ice has melted.

PEG
(to Jim)
Make sure she stays there while I got some more ice.

Peg hurries out to the kitchen.

JIM
It is a big deal... He tried to hurt you!

KIM
No, he did not and you know it!

JIM
Are you nuts? I saw him.

Kim sits up. She stares at Jim -- a long, measured stare.

KIM
I don't think I love you anymore. How did you ever get so damn mean?

Jim absorbs this -- gauging her, reading between the lines.

JIM
Are you serious? I'm going to lose you to... to... that?!... He isn't even human!

Enraged, he paces.

JIM
(snide)
I saw him pierce your hand, but tell me... exactly when was it that he pierced your heart?!

Furious, she goes for him. She is not on her feet, but leaping from the sitting position, a leopard in mid-air.

KIM
Leave! Get out of here!

167 Jim storms to the front door and yanks it open. There stands Officer Allen. 167

== Script Fly.com ==

OFFICER ALLEN
Let me see the man with the hands.

Jim grimly side-steps the cop and stalks off.

Peg returns with the ice pack.

PEG
Uh... he's... um...

OFFICER ALLEN
(turns to go)
Right.

KIM
I'm coming with you!

Peg grabs her around the shoulders.

PEG
Oh no, you're not.

OFFICER ALLEN
No way, little girl.

He strides to his squad car.

CUT TO:

168 EXT. STREET. SAME TIME. 168

Esmeralda runs down the center of the street.

ESMERALDA
He's loose! Lord help us! He's loose!

The other neighborhood women stream out of their houses to congregate.

HELEN
Did you see him?!

MARGE
Yes!

JACKIE
He was foaming at the mouth!

JOYCE
There were screams coming from Peg's house!

GIGI
He's probably killed someone!

Script Fly

== Script Fly.com ==

The squad car squeals up beside them.

OFFICER ALLEN
I'm looking for the man with the scissors.

MARGE
Thank God you're here!
(points)
That way!

JOYCE
Catch him! Please!

He fishtails off.

CUT TO:

169 EXT. STREET CORNER. NIGHT. 169

Exhausted, Edward has collapsed at a street corner. He doesn't know what to do, or where to go. He trims the grass around him and pokes holes in the ground, then wrings his hands in despair.

A big, shaggy dog sidles up, drops beside him.

EDWARD
Go on. Go home.

The dog leans against him, panting and pumping its tail. Its hair is matted over eyes, completely covering them. With a single snip, Edward cuts the hair away.

EDWARD
There. Now maybe you can see which way home is...

As if this is what it'd come for, the dog gets to his feet and trots off.

CUT TO:

170 INT. BOGGS KITCHEN. NIGHT/LATER. 170

Peg works at the cutting board, peeling carrots while Kim paces around her.

KIM
But he'll hurt him!

Bill comes in for the punch bowl.

== Script Fly.com ==

BILL
You know, Ed barely scratched you today, but, think about it, he could do some real harm.

PEG
Yes, he could.

KIM
You act like he did it on purpose.

As Bill carries the punch bowl off, into the living room:

BILL
That's not the point.

PEG
Not the point at all.

Wringing her hands in frustration, Kim keeps pacing.

KIM
Why won't you give me the car keys?...

PEG
We're having a party tonight. It was a party everyone wanted to have and you all said you'd pitch in. Now I can't help what happened today. All I know is that here I am, all alone, doing everything. So will you at least let me do the work that still has to be done and stop hopping around like a perfect ass?

Peg peels furiously.

PEG
You look terrible. Sit before you faint again.

Kim paces on.

KIM
I feel fine! I can drive! I know I can!

Bill comes back in.

BILL
Where's Kevin?

== Script Fly.com ==

KIM
Still at Max's. You didn't look hard enough, Dad. Let me take your car!

BILL
Can't do that, Kim.
(checks his watch)
Didn't we say seven-thirty?

PEG
(sighs)
Yes we did... What time is it?

BILL
Eight fifteen.

Peg shakes her head.

PEG
Great party...

KIM
Just give me the keys, Mom!

After a beat, Peg hurls down the carrot peeler. It sticks into the cutting board.

PEG
Nobody's coming anyway. I'll go look for him!

BILL
I'll come with you.

KIM
So will I.

PEG
(sharply to Kim)
No! I want you to stay here and take it easy!

Kim gawks at her mother.

KIM
You'll find him?

PEG
We'll try.

Peg grabs her purse. Kim watches her parents leave.

CUT TO:

== Script Fly.com ==

171 EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD. LATER. 171

Bill's car passes the squad car, going in the other direction. Officer Allen patrols the streets, looking for Edward. He turns a corner and glides past

DENNY'S VAN.

172 Inside, Jim wobbles drunkenly in the back. He pops open another can of beer and chugs it. 172

JIM
(cackles meanly)
Forget holding her hand. Picture the damage he could do other places....

DENNY
Yeah.

CUT TO:

173 EXT. ANOTHER NEIGHBORHOOD. NIGHT. 173

Avoiding the streetlights, using the darkness to hide in, Edward wanders sadly. Turning a corner, he sees a Christmas cocktail party in progress: GUESTS arriving, OTHER GUESTS through a window, the HOST ladling egg nog. Suddenly he remembers Peg's party:

EDWARD
Oh no!

He turns and hurries in the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

174 EXT. BILL'S CAR. SAME TIME/NIGHT. 174

It slowly climbs the mountain.

175 IN THE CAR, 175

Peg gazes idly out at the mansion while Bill drives past. It's obvious that no one is there.

BILL
Where could he have gone?

== Script Fly.com ==

PEG
To the moon for all I care any more... I can't help it. How am I supposed to feel when not one person, not one, comes to our party? On account of him, we've become the pariahs of the neighborhood. And all I tried to do was help him.

BILL
It's true.

He drives glumly on.

CUT TO:

176 EXT. BOGGS' HOUSE. NIGHT/LATER. 176

Disbelieving, Edward gazes at the nearly dark house. He scuttles to the front door. It's locked. The only light inside comes from the Christmas tree. Frantic, frustrated, making sure no one sees, he picks his way

177 IN. 177

By the twinkling lights of the tree, he can see that the buffet tables are covered with food, waiting for guests. The egg nog is ready.

EDWARD
Hello?

At first there is no answer. Then Kim, who's fallen asleep on the couch, stirs.

Edward hears her, spins around to see her.

EDWARD
Kim.

KIM
(groggy from sleep)
You came back...

EDWARD
Are you all right? -- I didn't mean to-- What happened to the party?

KIM
(overlaps)
Are you all right?... Where're Mom and Dad?

== Script Fly.com ==

EDWARD
(looks around)
Where is everybody? I think we're the only ones here.

They look at each other. After a moment, she opens her arms to him. He reaches toward her.

KIM
Hold me.

He yearns to touch her, but it is, quite literally, impossible.

EDWARD
I can't...

He pulls back his sharp, cold, dangerous hands.

She comes up behind him at one of the front windows. She presses against him, gently wraps her arms around him, and holds him. They close their eyes.

CUT TO:

178 INT. MAX'S PARENT'S HOUSE. NIGHT. 178

Kevin opens the front door to leave.

MAX'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Kevin? Shouldn't you wait for your parents?

KEVIN
Naw. It's okay...

Max shuts the door as Kevin steps

179 OUTSIDE. 179

He heads toward his house. It's spooky out. Full of shadows. Spookier than Kevin would like to admit. He walks quickly.

Kevin starts when a front door opens and the older man with the gimp leg (he was at the barbecue) limps onto his stoop.

OLDER MAN
They caught him yet?

KEVIN
Who?

OLDER MAN
Him. The cripple.

== Script Fly.com ==

Kevin shrugs.

OLDER MAN
(shouts after)
Let me know when they do. Let us all know, okay? Like a good boy?

Confused, Kevin hurries on.

CUT TO:

180 INT. BOGGS' HOUSE. SAME TIME. 180

Their reverie disturbed by the man's shouting, Kim's and Edward's eyes open. They pull apart and LOOK

181 OUT THE WINDOW. 181

The whole length of the block, neighbors stand silhouetted in their doorways.

CUT TO:

182 EXT. DENNY'S VAN. NIGHT. 182

The van is parked on the side of the road, askew, its rear half sticking out, a testament to the condition of the boys

183 INSIDE. 183

Jim swigs Jack Daniels. Denny, flat-on-his-ass drunk, is draped over the steering wheel.

DENNY
...I feel like I'm about to puke or pass out or something.

JIM
Later. First take me to her house.

DENNY
Come on, Jim. Don't--

JIM
Do it!

DENNY
(cringes)
Jeez, maybe she's right about you.

JIM
Drive!

== Script Fly.com ==

Soon, the van swerves back onto the road -- without its headlights. Denny has forgotten to turn them on.

CUT TO:

184 INT. BOGGS HOUSE. NIGHT. 184

From the window, Kim and Edward can see that the neighbors are all watching something, but they can't see what. They go

185 OUT THE FRONT DOOR 185

to see that everyone's following Kevin's progress as he walks down the sidewalk on the other side of the street.

In the distance, George, with Joyce peeking over his shoulder, talks to Kevin:

GEORGE
Don't forget, Kev.

KEVIN
I won't.

186 Rounding the far corner, Denny's van weaves onto the street -- going too fast, headlight-less and hard to see. 186

EDWARD
Kevin!

KEVIN
(shouts, points)
There he is!

Kevin bolts down the block toward Edward and Kim.

Edward first hears, then sees the approaching van.

People pour out of their houses, their dogs at their heels.

Without looking for traffic, Kevin runs into the street to cross to Edward and Kim.

EDWARD
Stop!!!

But Kevin doesn't.

Edward sprints off the curb, bellowing.

He bumps Kevin out of the path of the oncoming van, just as it is about to hit him. His hands graze the little boy -- unavoidably. The two of them tumble onto the parkway.

== Script Fly.com ==

187 INSIDE THE VAN, 187

Jim lurches to his feet.

JIM
Stop!!!

The van skids to a standstill.

CUT TO:

188 INT. SQUAD CAR. SAME TIME. 188

A voice clicks off -- we hear the tail end of the transmission (the Boggs' name, Edward's name), then static. Officer Allen hangs up his radio handphone, switches on his siren, and wails away.

CUT TO:

189 EXT. STREET. SAME TIME. 189

Kevin wails at the top of his lungs.

Edward reaches out his hands to him, anxious to calm him down.

But, Kevin, hysterical, flails and squirms to get away, and ends up cutting himself again on Edward's blades.

GEORGE
Get away from him!

The neighbors run toward them and shout. Their dogs follow, barking.

Jim cuts off Kim's path. He grabs ahold of her when she tries to run around him.

KIM
Let me go!

Still on the ground, horrified, bleeding, Kevin shrieks louder. Horrified too, Edward goes to embrace him again.

EDWARD
(lost)
Kevin... No... Please... Let me...

But, panicking, Kevin keeps thrashing and keeps getting cut.

190 Bill and Peg pull up. They can't see through the crowd. 190

== Script Fly.com ==

BILL
What's going on?

NEIGHBOR
He tried to kill Kevin.

PEG
What?

George gets to Edward and Kevin first. He grabs Edward from behind and manages to pin Edward's arms to his sides.

JOYCE
(urges on the others)
Get him!

ESMERALDA
Satan!

Bill takes over from Jim.

KIM
No! Let go of me!

Jim surges forward with everyone else.

Peg scoops Kevin up in her arms. She runs toward home with him.

MARGE
(shrieks at Edward)
Murderer!

Edward escapes from George only to have Jim dive for a stranglehold. But Jim is too drunk to hold on. Edward jerks himself free -- slashing Jim as he does.

Howling with pain and rage, Jim crumples, clutching his arm.

Seeing Kim, Edward freezes. So does time while their eyes LOCK.

The crowd rushes Edward.

KIM
Run!!!

Edward runs, the crowd and their dogs after him.

191 Officer Allen's squad car screeches onto the street and joins the chase, soon overtaking and passing the crowd. 191

Edward streaks across a yard and out of sight.

The squad car pursues around the corner.

Helpless, her father still holding her, Kim stares after, at the emptiness Edward left behind.

== Script Fly.com ==

BILL
(tries to console)
We did the best for him that we could, Kimmy.

KIM
(lashes out)
That's right! Go ahead. Let's congratulate ourselves! What magnanimous people we are!--

She jumps at the loud report of two GUN SHOTS.

192 Further down the street, the crowd stops dead. It is suddenly SILENT. 192

A scream catches in Kim's throat.

193 ON THE SIDE STREET, 193

Officer Allen fires a third shot -- this one, like the others, into the air, letting Edward go.

OFFICER ALLEN
(under his breath)
Run... Get out of here....

He reholsters his gun, wheels around to make sure that he hasn't been seen, then climbs back into his car, and drives slowly away.

194 ON THE BOGGS' STREET, 194

the stunned crowd straggles back. The dogs rejoin their owners. Kim cries.

DISSOLVE TO:

195 EXT. MANSION ON MOUNTAIN. LATER. 195

Afraid to go inside, but determined, Kim hesitates at the dilapidated gate. It groans as she forces it open. She slips in and hurries through

196 THE GARDEN, now in miserable shape from neglect. 196

197 THE FRONT DOOR 197

is locked. Kim tries a window. With effort, she is able to push it open. She climbs into the huge and dark baronial living room with the sheet-covered furniture.

== Script Fly.com ==

198 At the top of the STAIRCASE, she heads down the long UPSTAIRS HALL, opening doors and, progressively more boldly, looking into the rooms. Finally, she reaches the 198

199 DOOR AT THE END OF THE HALL. 199

Hands shaking, she opens it. There, in the dimness, Edward is curled in a pile of hay, his face to the wall. Is he dead?

She kneels beside him and lays a gentle hand on his shoulder. Terrified, he spins around, hands ready. But, seeing who it is, his hands drop, dead weights.

KIM
(with enormous, exhausted relief)
You're alive...

EDWARD
(petrified)
Where are they? Are they coming?

Shaking her head, Kim shushes him, trying to soothe him.

EDWARD
Did I hurt Kevin badly?

KIM
(shakes her head again)
Mostly he was scared...

She starts to cry quietly. She hugs him and buries her face.

EDWARD
(murmurs almost inaudibly)
It's all right... It was all too good to be true anyway...

KIM
(choked up)
Don't say that...

She holds him tight, then, swaying slightly, rocks him.

KIM
I hurt you too. Everybody hurt you...

She kisses him -- on the shoulder, the neck, sweetly on the lips. He draws slowly back from her, gazing in wonder into her face.

KIM
I was so afraid. I thought you were dead. That's what everybody thinks.

== Script Fly.com ==

JIM (O.S.)
No, they don't. Not all of them.

200 Jim is suddenly there in the doorway, from nowhere. He has a gun. He raises it, aims. 200

Edward and Kim fall apart, ducking, hitting the floor. The shot fires. It blasts a hole in the wall directly behind where their heads just were.

Jim aims again.

Instinctively protective, Kim rushes him. She hurls herself at his knees, knocking him off his feet. His hands fly up. The second shot hits the ceiling, spraying plaster. The gun pops from Jim's hands and clatters into the hall.

The ceiling groans overhead, then gives as an old, now bullet-splintered beam cracks and breaks, bringing much of the ceiling down with it.

Edward tries to get out of the way, but is bombarded with falling chunks of wood and plaster. The heavy beam grazes him as it crashes heavily to the floor.

201 Jim shoves Kim aside and charges. Edward raises his hands in surrender, making no effort to defend himself as Jim slams into him. 201

Kim throws herself after and the three of them scrabble on the floor. She desperately claws and pounds at Jim, trying to pry him off Edward. At last, she works her way between the two of them. Using all her strength, she somehow flips Jim over onto his back.

Suddenly, miraculously, she is on top, straddling Jim -- and holding one of Edward's open blades against Jim's jugular. Blood streams from Edward's nose, from cuts on his face. All three are gasping for breath. Jim bucks, as if to start fighting again. Kim presses the blade tighter.

KIM
Don't. I'll kill you myself.

The next instant, Jim explodes.

JIM
Bullshit!

Edward falls aside as Jim tosses Kim across the room, flinging her carelessly away. She hits the wall, hard, bashing her shoulder, her head.

EDWARD
Kim...

== Script Fly.com ==

JIM
Stay away from her.

Edward gets to his feet.

EDWARD
No! You stay away!

Bellowing, Jim lunges -- recklessly.

EDWARD
(yells)
Don't!!

Edward scrambles to position himself in front of Kim. Jim charges again. Edward whips around to face him. He leaps at Edward to overwhelm him and, misjudging, impales himself on Edward's hands.

Everything stops.

202 Jim clutches his stomach. Kim slaps her hands over her mouth. Edward pulls his hands away. Blood spurts. Reeling, Jim staggers, stunned, then falls -- backwards. He hits a window, then crashes through it. Its frame, damaged in the earlier shooting, is too weak to resist the impact. 202

203 He plunges, two long storeys to the ground below. He lands on his back. Sprawled. Motionless. It is clear that he's dead. 203

204 Crying, Edward and Kim look down at him. Edward holds his bloodstained hands as far away from his body as he can. 204

EDWARD
I... deserve whatever happens to me now...

KIM
No... That's not true... I won't let them... You didn't do anything!...

EDWARD
It was on my hands --

KIM
(frantic; cuts him off)
No. He did it to himself!

Weeping, she embraces him, only to be interrupted by the SOUNDS outside, of people coming -- cars, dogs, voices. Eyes wide, she clings to him.

KIM
(suddenly determined)
They're not going to hurt you!

== Script Fly.com ==

EDWARD
(resigned)
What's going to happen will happen...

KIM
I won't let it!... I'll tell them you're dead too! I'll say you and Jim, you're both dead. You killed each other. I'll tell them you're in here, buried.

EDWARD
But--

KIM
Otherwise, they'll never stop... they'll never leave you alone!... They won't just let us be... They never would.

They look deeply into one another's eyes. Edward nods -- he knows she's right.

Outside, the people are suddenly louder, closer. An ambulance wails in the distance. They force themselves to let go.

CUT TO:

205 INT. ATTIC. MOMENTS LATER. 205

FROM THE RACK OF METAL BODY PARTS,

Kim carefully lifts one of the spare scissor hands off its stand.

CUT TO:

206 EXT. MANSION ON MOUNTAIN. LATER THAT NIGHT. 206

The vigilantes from the town swarm. Jim's body is being carried off to the ambulance. A few of the people are ready to storm inside when

207 KIM 207

marches grimly out of the house, carrying the scissor hand.

MAN (O.S.)
Is he in there?!

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KIM
... He's dead.

Some people murmur, doubting.

KIM
The ceiling caved in on him... They killed each other. You can go look for yourselves...

But nobody wants to. Some people are already turning away.

HELEN
(relieved)
The sooner we can forget the whole thing, the better off we'll be.

Trying to control fresh tears, Kim holds up the scissor hand.

KIM
I hope you're happy now.

She holds the hand high, like a banner.

CUT TO:

208 INT. LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 208

The old woman's voice fades in.

GRANDMOTHER
She never saw him again. Not after that night.

GRANDDAUGHTER
How do you know?

The woman turns to give the little girl a look. Her face catches the light and, for the first time, we can see her clearly. We recognize her. It's Kim.

209 EDWARD'S GARDEN, 209

lush with roses and exotic flowers, and once again full of his topiary creatures.

GRANDDAUGHTER (V.O.)
You could have gone up there. You still could go.

The garden is carefully weeded, edged, mowed, and trimmed, the path swept.

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OLD WOMAN (V.O.)
No. I don't want to any more. I'm an old woman now. I'd rather have him remember me the way I was...

210 INSIDE THE MANSION, 210

Edward climbs the staircase. He hasn't changed at all during the long passage of time that has turned Kim into an old woman. He looks exactly the same.

GRANDDAUGHTER (V.O.)
How do you know he's still alive?

OLD WOMAN (V.O.)
I don't, not for sure, but I believe he is....

211 IN THE LITTLE GIRL'S BEDROOM, 211

she gazes out the window. It is snowing even more heavily than before. She opens the window and puts out her hand. She catches a palm full of the shimmering snowflakes.

OLD WOMAN
You see, before he came down here, it never snowed, but afterwards it did. If he weren't up there, I don't think it would be snowing now...
(grins)
Some nights you can still catch me dancing in the stuff.

We move OUT the window, BEYOND the neighborhood, and UP the mountain TO the mansion.

212 OUT OF THE TOP FLOOR WINDOWS pours a stream of tiny snowflakes -- this is indeed the source of the snowfall. We follow the swirling snow into 212

213 A HUGE DANK ROOM, 213

past several elaborate ice sculptures -- cars, chairs, couches, the familiar objects of suburban life.

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Scissor hands, quickly and deftly, almost maniacally, chip away at a block of ice. Edward shapes the figure of a girl. We recognize that it is Kim as she looked when he knew her. Shining brilliantly, the snowflakes fly off his blades.

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